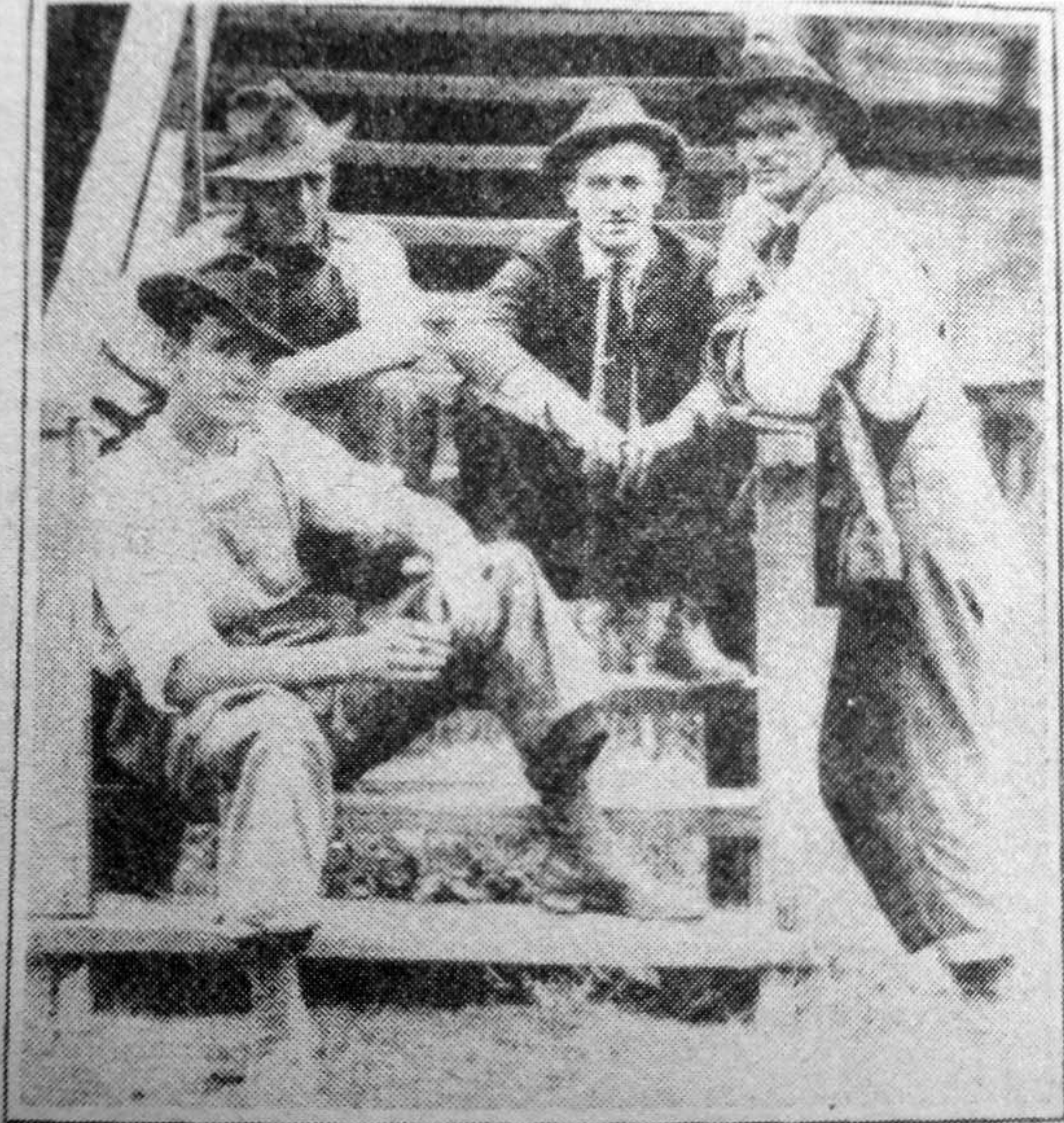




ENTRENCHED DEPUTIES OPPOSING THE ARMED MARCHERS

Sheriff Chafin deputized about 2,000 men to stop the invasion of the armed union miners, and they dug their trenches on Spruce Fork Ridge, where they were joined by state troopers with machine guns



"GENERAL" WILLIAM BLIZZARD

(Center) and three of his armed marchers, who wear their "uniforms" of blue overalls. Blizzard was tried for treason and convicted for his part in the armed march.



BLIZZARD

Marchers, who wear their
ard was tried for trea-
in the armed march



SHERIFF DON CHAFIN OF LOGAN COUNTY

Himself a member of the Hatfield family, who com-
manded the force of 2,000 men who faced the miners'
army. "Hang Don Chafin to a sour apple tree," was
one of the battle cries of the armed marchers



BRIG.-GEN. H. H. BANDHOLTZ, U. S. A.

Who was sent to West Virginia by President Harding to end the disorders there, and who commanded the Federal troops ultimately sent in

Ballads from the Coal Mines

SPINKLE COAL DUST
ON MY GRAVE
Just an old coal miner
I labor for my bread,
A story in my memory
I've heard told.
For the sake of wife and
children,
A miner risks his life
For the price of a little lump
of coal.

CHORUS
Don't forget me, little
one, they lay me down to
rest.
My brothers all the
living words I say.
The flowers be forgotten
In the coal dust on my
grave,
Remembrance of the
M.W. of A.

Her Jones is not
forgotten
The miners of this field,
Gone to rest above,
Bless her soul.
To lead the boys to
glory,
Was punished here in
the price of just a little
lump of coal.

As a miner in the
morning
His car up to the face,
Sets some timbers, then
Bore himself a hole,
Get a shot of powder
In the battery and his
—
Shooting down that
lump of coal.

As a man's toiled and
sweated

Till his life is almost gone,
Then the operator thinks
he's just a fool.

They sneak around and fire
him

Just because he's growing
old,

And swear they caught him
breaking company rules.

—By Orville Jenks of Welch,
1940.

DON'T GO DOWN IN THE MINE

A miner was leaving his home
for his work

When he heard his little child
scream,

He went to his bedside, his
little face white

"Oh, daddy, I've had such a
dream.

I dreamt that I saw the mine
all on fire

And men struggled hard for
their lives;

The scene it then changed and
the top of the mine

Was surrounded by sweet-
hearts and wives.

CHORUS

"Don't go down in the mine,
Dad,

Dreams very often come true;
Daddy, you know it would
break my heart

If anything happened to you.
Just go and tell my dream
to you mates,

And as true as the stars
that shine,

Something is going to happen
today —

Dear daddy, don't go down in
the mine."

The miner, a man with a heart
good and kind.

Stood by the side of his son.
He said, "It's my living, I can't
stay away.
For duty, my lad, must be
done."

The little one looked up and
faintly he said,
"Oh, please stay today with
me, Dad."

But as the brave miner went
forth to his work
He heard this appeal from his
lad: **CHORUS**

Whilst waiting his turn with his
mates to descend
He could not banish his fears,
He returned home again to his
wife and his child —
Those words seemed to ring
through his ears.
And ere the day ended the
mine was on fire

When a score of brave men
lost their lives.
He thanked God above for the
dream his child had,
As once more the little one
cries: **CHORUS**

—J. R. Lincoln, 1911.

I CAN TELL DE WORLD

I can tell de world 'bout dis,
I can tell de nation I bin
blessed,
Tell 'em what John Lewis has
done,

When Did Mi

In the absence of authentic
early production figures it is
virtually impossible to say
when bituminous mining start-
ed as an industry in the United
States. The first record of
commercial mining occurred in
1750 when an English com-
pany, employing Negro slaves
as miners, operated an open-

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I can tell de nation I bin
blessed,
Tell 'em what John Lewis has
done,



John L. Lewis in 1951 just
after an inspection tour of a
mine in Illinois after an
explosion.

Tell 'em dat de union has
come, An' it brought joy,
great joy, unto my soul.

It made me free, it made me
glad,
Yes it did, my Lord, yes it did.
An' gave me mo' freedom dan
I ever had,
Yes it did, my Lord, yes it did.

It moved de fences from
round' de camps,
Yes it did, my Lord, yes it did.
An' did away wid de bulls-eye
lamps,
Yes it did, my Lord, yes it did.

[On Page 22]

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call 304-846-6

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When Did Mining Begin?

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a man's toiled and
sweated

The miner, a man with a heart
good and kind.

How Indian Fighter Lew Wetzel Found Coal

Lew Wetzel, fearless In-
dian fighter and hunter of the
border country, one night
had a strange experience with
the devil, according to legend.
Accompanied by Jonathan
"Long Arms" Gates, Wetzel
was at a campfire along Dunkard
River in the western Pennsyl-
vania wilderness. Propping his
head with some "rocks"
in the vicinity, he and
his companion settled down for
the night. Suddenly, however,
the rocks under the kettle
began to pop and give off light,
and a thick, ill-smelling smoke.
Wetzel's mind this curious
phenomenon was clearly a
manifestation of the devil's
power.

When Lew Wetzel took the kettle from the
fire, he made an undigni-
fied departure. Long Arms
followed him on his heels. Before long
they reached Elias Blank's
place. Wetzel pounded
on the door. When admitted,

Wetzel poured out his horren-
dous tale.

Blank, a backwoodsman with
a shrewd business sense,
listened patiently. He knew of
coal outcroppings in the district
and realized that Wetzel's
terrifying experience had been
nothing more than an outcrop-
ping fire. But he pretended
ignorance, drawing out the
details of the location of this
particular outcropping from
Wetzel. At the same time he
encouraged Wetzel to believe
that it was really the devil he
had encountered. So that
Wetzel and Long Arms might
defend themselves more effi-
ciently against the devil, Blank
sent them off with gifts of a
rifle, a load of powder, a bowie
knife, and a tomahawk. The
two hunters safely out of the
way, Blank located the outcrop-
ping and set himself up in
business as a coal operator.
["Coal Dust on the Fiddle"]

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Prof Rates Pearl Buck With Cather, Steinbeck, Faulkner

Something new on Pearl Buck! She is rated with Cather, Steinbeck and Faulkner.

We learned this from the AP. Our special AP, not the Associated Press AP, but the Perusers. That's an unorganized organization of readers who comb the papers they read for little things about West Virginia and clip them and send them to Hillbilly.

One of these, Bob Barnes of Charlotte, N. C. was reading the Charlotte Observer's Book Week page when he noted a review of the new and posthumous book of Pearl Buck. It was written by Robert Goldsmith, a retired Emory and Henry College English professor, now living in Charlotte. Here is what the professor wrote, and do read and re-read the last line because that is what this paper has been reaching about the Nobel

Prize winning West Virginia-born Pearl Buck:

Since her death in 1973, some of us may have forgotten what a fine, perceptive writer Pearl Buck was. Although she won the Pulitzer for her novel "The Good Earth" and later was the first American woman to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature, Mrs. Buck never was properly appreciated by the critics. Her style was simple, direct and rich, but not innovative enough to provoke comment.

This posthumous collection of short stories, "The Woman Who Was Changed and Other Stories," deserves our serious attention. The title story or novella is both timely and timeless. "The Woman Who Was Changed" is the account of a novelist who continues her career at the expense of her marriage to a possessive, egocentric male. She enjoys her independence, but suffers

[On Page 23]



ISSN 0043-3241

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Pearl Buck



Willa Cather



John Steinbeck



William Faulkner

Rare

Historical Find and Literary Work

Next Week

Don't M

It was with Stonewall as it is with all celebrated men: Every act, every minute of his last years were covered minutely. But little is known of his early years. Only one man in America, possibly, knows the story of the "Hidden Years" of

born in West Virginia, Holmes Alexander, has searched out those years and he has done a book. And Hillbilly is privileged to be the first to give that book to the public, starting with the first chapter next week.

valuable Stonewall Jackson biblio is on page 9.

We are printing a thousand copies of the paper during the run this serialized "hidden years" for who get in on the reading late, schools that want to add the insta their library. Also, and this is

Was Changed" is the account of a novelist who continues her career at the expense of her marriage to a possessive, egocentric male. She enjoys her independence, but suffers

[On Page 23]

from big highway maps in that little highway maps shorten the distance to one's proposed destination. Maybe there's a Parkinson law to cover the matter more succinctly, but there is no law that explains how my 300 mile trip to Kentucky recently grew into a whopping

500 miles except maybe the law of diminishing returns because when I returned I was absolutely diminished. This epistle is, of course, a travelogue, a narrative, one might say of a trip in the Spring of 1979 from Richwood in West Virginia to Barren River State Park in Kentucky. What makes

the travel piece Royall (Monroe 1789, died 1854 D.C. and buried marked grave today is the of then with intriguing elements my travel interesting to ahead. How readers will don't solve that I drove from home made a last next day, time to see television prodigal n to an advertisement spaced with ed entertainment That's story. At the house wife. She accompanying the economic pound on inflation, and home and breakfast in

Louise McNeill Installed as State's New Poet Laureate



LOUISE McNEILL
Poet Laureate

CHESTNUT ORCHARD By Louise McNeill

Saturday morning — no school today.
And we are up in the smoky dawn,
Hunting our sugar pokes from the press,
Putting our heavy stockings on.

Up the path to the chestnut grove,
Over the fence — first you, then I.
Acres of leaves for our scuffling feet,
And the rich burrs open against the sky.

A stick for you and a stick for me —
Sticks to scatter the leaves that hide —
Then the shining nuts with their silver tails.
And we bend and pick from the brown hillside.

Plenty for you and plenty for me,
And a bushel left for the gray squirrel's store,
And all that morning the squirrels and we,
In our golden house with its leafy floor.

Saturday morning — no school today.
This last gold harvest before the snow —
Let us go to the chestnut trees,
It is Saturday morning and we must go.

Back through the years beyond time and space,
On a hill — by a dream — we will find that place,
And the great trees standing, untouched by blight,
In the silver fog and the golden light.

First published in the "Saturday Evening Post." From the collection "Paradox Hill." Reprinted by permission of West Virginia University Foundation, Inc.

poetry of a narrative and historical nature. He himself became a published novelist and historian. He gave her the idea for the structure of her first major book, "Gauley Mountain," which she wrote in six months by the light of an oil lamp and a wood fire, while teaching by day in a two-room school at Buckeye, West Virginia. "Gauley Mountain" was accepted and published by Harcourt, Brace & Company in 1939.

Besides Harbighurst and his wife Marion, Miss McNeill received helpful advice through the years from Archibald MacLeish, Louis Untermeyer, and Edwin Ford Piper. At the Bread Loaf School of English in Middlebury, Vermont, she took a workshop in writing conducted by Robert Frost, who expressed admiration for her poetry. A fellow student whom she met at Bread Loaf, Roger Pease, became her husband.

Louise McNeill has continued to have her poems published in outstanding periodicals. A major collection of her work was "Paradox Hill: From Appalachia to Lunar Shore" (West Virginia University Library, 1972). In addition to "Elderberry Flood," another book is in preparation.

When asked who some of her favorite poets were, Miss McNeill named Dylan Thomas and James Dickey. Of the older poets "there are so many," but she cited Keats, Shelley, and Milton. The epic "Paradise Lost" is one of her favorite poems.

"Appalachia is alive artistically," she declares with enthusiasm, but she eschews a narrow regionalism. "Appalachia is also America," she says. She considers herself to be not only an Appalachian but an American and a citizen of the world. One of her most powerful and moving poems, "To the Boys in Freshman History," concerns the famous battle of Thermopylae between Greeks and Persians in 480 B.C.

"I haven't wanted restrictions of geography, of subject matter, of form. I want to be

able to write in free verse, and also to use rhyme and meter. I want to be able to write about subjects gritty and hard as well as lovely things. I want to write about sinners and saints."

Another statement: "I do not find logic, accuracy, and clarity a fault in this era of distorted symbols and the utter confusion of confusion with art!"

"Poetry is slowly changing," she says, and she hopes for the better.

Speaking as one poet to another, "What it is that hits us I do not know; but it does hit us. We are hooked. It is a joy in itself and, yes, sometimes an agony."

She and her husband have both suffered from illnesses in recent years, but are presently in good health. They live quietly in a one-story brick house attractively furnished. If visitors come, they may enjoy freshly baked biscuits at a cozy afternoon tea.

Mrs. McNeill describes herself as "a very religious person," as is evident from such poems as her "Nursery Song for the Atomic Age." She declines, however, to discuss her religious faith in conversation, considering that a private matter.

Her final comments are on the later years of life. "There is no use to theorize on what one should do in old age. The thing is to do it. Therefore I'm not saying that people ought to do so and so in old age. I am trying to work, and I hope to continue working, because to me work is life, and life is work. And work is play if you like it."

then the poem before you." "At 66 I am writing and burning and puzzling my poor gray head with impossible images and rhymes!"

Louise McNeill was born and grew up on a farm in Pocahontas County four miles from Hillsboro, where another famous writer, Pearl S. Buck, was born. In later years Miss McNeill and Mrs. Buck came to know each other, and occasionally met at literary functions; but the two never became close friends. After returning to America from China, Mrs. Buck lived variously in New York, Pennsylvania, and Vermont, visiting West Virginia only rarely.

The McNeill farm of some 120 acres had been in the family since 1769. Sheep and cattle and the usual crops were raised. The farm is still in family hands, being operated now by Mrs. McNeill's brother Jim.

Miss McNeill had a model for unusual achievement and maintenance, even for writing, in her father, Douglas McNeill, who was not only a "freeman farmer" but also a teacher. He earned a Master's degree, was named an honorary citizen, and eventually became head of the Social

Science Department at Davis and Elkins College. He also wrote short stories and had a book privately printed.

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Logging South Cheat

Detailed history of the 11,000 acres of the CASS, West Va. logging empire which became the Snowshoe ski resort

Camps, skidders, train operations
2 MAPS, routes, photos, drawings

Dr. George Deike: Accurate brief history of the entire 250 mile railroad logging operation, with CASS, West Va. map. 54 pages, \$3.00 plus 40c postage 24827

Railroading



in the Hills

y of the Branch

beginnings of what was to become one of the largest lumbering operations in West Virginia. The West Virginia Pulp and Paper had been busy at work on the grades for their own railroad up Cheat Mountain and were ready to begin shipping pulpwood to a paper mill at Covington in short time. The first engine of their railroad arrived in December and the first shipment of pulpwood was made January 28, 1901. The sawmill at Cass was under construction during 1901 and operating in January.

Louise McNeill In State's New Poet

By Paul Curry Steele

Earlier this year Governor Rockefeller announced that he had chosen Louise McNeill to be Poet Laureate of West Virginia. On Saturday evening, Jan. 12, he formally installed her in her office as part of a special program in her honor, open to the public and well attended, at the Science and Cultural Center in Charleston.

The ceremony took place on the stage of the West Virginia Theater. Miss McNeill read a number of her poems, including five from her new book "Elderberry Flood: The Song of Margaret Blennessett," "Fiddler," "The Lasting," "Color the Mine Black and Red," and "West Virginia." The last four poems, which have been set to music, were sung or recited in a strikingly interpreted by the Appalachian Dance and Ensemble of Beckley. A procession followed in the Great

"Elderberry Flood," not yet published, is a collection of 110 poems on individual subjects which together give a panoramic interpretation of what is known as West Virginia, from prehistoric times to the present day.

CHESTNUT ORCHARD

By Louise McNeill

Saturday morning — no school today
And we are up in the smoky
Hunting our sugar pokes from the trees
Putting our heavy stockings on

Up the path to the chestnut grove
Over the fence — first you, then I
Acres of leaves for our scuffling
And the rich burrs open again

A stick for you and a stick for me
Sticks to scatter the leaves that
Then the shining nuts with their
And we bend and pick from the trees

Plenty for you and plenty for me
And a bushel left for the gray
And all that morning the squirrels
In our golden house with its log

Saturday morning — no school today
This last gold harvest before the frost
Let us go to the chestnut trees.
It is Saturday morning and we

Back through the years beyond the
On a hill — by a dream — we
And the great trees standing, uncut
In the silver fog and the golden

First published in the "Saturday Evening Post" collection "Paradox Hill." Reprinted

on the Greenbrier line... Monday, December 1900, with Marlinton as temporary terminus. The passenger train consisted of engine No. 98, a passenger coach, and a combined passenger and baggage car. The schedule called for a departure from Marlinton at 5:15. The train made daily except Sunday. Scheduled stops below Marlinton were Buckeye, Beard's Creek, Seybert, Beard's Mountain, Renick, Spring Creek, Anthony, Keiser, Sulphur, and Whitcomb Junction. The cost of a ticket from Marlinton to Ronceverte was \$2.35 (44¢ per mile).

As the newly laid track was settled in and became better ballasted, the schedule of the passenger train began to show improvement. A new schedule went into effect on February 1, 1901, with an hour improvement in time, leaving Ronceverte at 8:45 a.m. with a scheduled arrival at Marlinton. The return trip began at 3:45 p.m. Mail was put on the train in February.

Passenger service to Marlinton finally began on June 1, 1901.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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then the poem before you."
"At 66 I am writing and burning and puzzling my poor gray head with impossible images and rhymes!"

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the years from Archibald MacLeish, Louis Untermeyer, and Edwin Ford Piper. At the Bread Loaf School of English in Middlebury, Vermont, she took a workshop in writing conducted by Robert Frost, who expressed admiration for her poetry. A fellow student whom she met at Bread Loaf, Roger Pease, became her husband.

Louise McNeill has continued to have her poems published in outstanding periodicals. A major collection of her work was "Paradox Hill: From Appalachia to Lunar Shore" (West Virginia University Library, 1972). In addition to "Elderberry Flood," another book is in preparation.

When asked who some of her favorite poets were, Miss McNeill named Dylan Thomas and James Dickey. Of the older poets "there are so many," but she cited Keats, Shelley, and Milton. The epic "Paradise Lost" is one of her favorite poems.

"Appalachia is alive artistically," she declares with enthusiasm, but she eschews a narrow regionalism. "Appalachia is also America," she says. She considers herself to be not only an Appalachian but an American and a citizen of the world. One of her most powerful and moving poems, "To the Boys in Freshman History," concerns the famous battle of Thermopylae between Greeks and Persians in 480 B.C.

"I haven't wanted restrictions of geography, of subject matter, of form. I want to be

also to use rhyme and meter. I want to be able to write about subjects gritty and hard as well as lovely things. I want to write about stones and stars."

Another statement: "I do not find logic, accuracy, and clarity a fault in this era of distorted symbols and the utter confusion of confusion with art!"

"Poetry is slowly changing," she says, and she hopes for the better.

Speaking as one poet to another, "What it is that hits us I do not know; but it does hit us. We are hooked. It is a joy in itself and, yes, sometimes an agony."

She and her husband have both suffered from illnesses in recent years, but are presently in good health. They live quietly in a one-story brick house attractively furnished. If visitors come, they may enjoy freshly baked biscuits at a cozy afternoon tea.

Mrs. McNeill describes herself as "a very religious person," as is evident from such poems as her "Nursery Song for the Atomic Age." She declines, however, to discuss her religious faith in conversation, considering that a private matter.

Her final comments are on the later years of life. "There is no use to theorize on what one should do in old age. The thing is to do it. Therefore I'm not saying that people ought to do so and so in old age. I am trying to work, and I hope to continue working, because to me work is life, and life is work. And work is play if you like it."

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Grecks and Persians in 480 B.C.

"I haven't wanted restrictions of geography, of subject matter, of form. I want to be

trying to work, and I hope to continue working, because to me work is life, and life is work. And work is play if you like it."

Logging South Cheat

Detailed history of the 11,000 acres of the CASS, West Va. logging empire which became the Snowshoe ski resort.

Camps, skidders, train operations
3 MAPS, rosters, photos, drawings

Dr. George Deike
Box 108
Cass, West Va.
24927

Accurate brief history of the entire 250 mile railroad logging operation, with map. 54 pages, \$3.00 plus 40¢ postage.

The History of the Greenbrier Branch

By William P. McNeel
PART 7

As related last week, the upper Greenbrier Valley finally had a railroad. The year was 1900, the first of a new century and certainly a major landmark in the history of Pocahontas County.

By the end of that year the Greenbrier Railway had reached its major objective — the new town of Cass and the

beginnings of what was to become one of the largest lumbering operations in West Virginia. The West Virginia Pulp and Paper had been hard at work on the grades for their own railroad up Cheat Mountain and were ready to begin shipping pulpwood to their paper mill at Covington in short time. The first engine on their railroad arrived in late December and the first shipment of pulpwood was made on January 28, 1901. The sawmill at Cass was under construction during 1901 and began operating in January 1902.

Regular passenger service on the Greenbrier line began on Monday, December 11, 1900, with Marlinton as the temporary terminus. The first passenger train consisted of engine No. 98, a passenger coach, and a combination passenger and baggage coach. The schedule called for a 7 a.m. departure from Marlinton at 5:15. The train ran daily except Sunday. The scheduled stops below Marlinton were Buckeye, Creek, Seybert, Beard's, Mountain, Renick, Spruce Creek, Anthony, Keiser, and Whitcomb.



Marlinton, March 7, 1900.

Blow in August

narrow predecessor.
McNeel's article was
to have been shipped
burgh Southern locomotives.
While the Pittsburgh South-



New railroad grade above Marlinton, March 7, 1900.

Pitt Whistle Blow in August

An open invitation is out to steam whistle owners throughout the nation to enter the 2nd Annual Grand Concourse steam Whistle Blow sponsored by Chuck Muer as part of the Pittsburgh Three Rivers Regatta, August 11 and

steam whistles of all types that, train, factory, tractor, are eligible to compete for ribbons in six categories: Boat Whistles; Best Train Whistles; Best Industrial Whistles; Best Unusual; Best of Old and Oldest Whistle, in award to Honorable Men-warded at the discretion of judges.

call for whistles to be used by live steam and to

be mounted and blown both Saturday and Sunday, August 11 and 12, at the Grand Concourse Restaurant on the Monongahela River at the Smithfield Street Bridge. The "Grand Concourse" site is the former and now re-decorated historic P&LE Railroad Station. Rail buffs, as well as steamboat devotees will love every bit of it.

The contest judging and prize awards will be held Sunday, August 12, at 3:30 p.m.

To enter, whistle owners should write to Dennis DiPietro, c/o Grand Concourse Restaurant, One Station Square, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

at Cass was under construction during 1901 and began operating in January 1902.

Regular passenger service on the Greenbrier line began on Monday, December 1, 1900, with Marlinton as temporary terminus. The passenger train consisted of engine No. 98, a passenger coach, and a combination passenger and baggage car. The schedule called for a 7 a.m. departure from Ronceverte at 5:15. The train made daily except Sunday. The scheduled stops below Marlinton were Buckeye, Beaver Creek, Seybert, Beard's, Dr. Mountain, Renick, Spring Creek, Anthony, Keiser, Lin Sulphur, and Whitcomb Junction. The cost of a ticket to Ronceverte was \$2.35 (4¢ per mile).

As the newly laid track settled in and became better ballasted, the schedule of the passenger train began to show improvement. A new schedule went into effect on February 1, 1901, with an hour improvement in time, leaving Ronceverte at 8:45 a.m. with a noon arrival at Marlinton. The return trip began at 3:45 p.m. Mail was put on the train in February.

Passenger service to Cass finally began on June 1.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The... as West... historic times to... outer space at the... Radio Astronomy Ob... at Green Bank. Many women writers... name. In private... Mrs. Roger V... of Lewisburg. Although... from teaching. She... known as Dr. Pease... of the students... at several colleges... she holds a Ph.D. in... and English from We... University. And she... to six-year-old No... Pease, her only gran... daughter of Dr. ar... Douglas Pease; her son... physicist and pr... at the University...

very pleased about the... Louise McNe... in a letter... 28, from which... with permission.

earlier letter she ha... "For 35 years I taught... that I could write... as I wished to write... financial struggle and th... to publish are bot... indeed, but the reward... week itself, the glorious... composition — and

BILLY

HTS

RELATION:

WEEKS — \$1.00

Did Anna Jarvis Really Love Mom?

Americans learned from the play and movie "The Front Page" that newspapers are produced from the ink in the press and the liquor in the reporter, and one who must have mixed the two more well than wisely is either Clyde Barberman or Albin Krebs, who share writing honors in producing a column called "Notes on People" in the New York Times, and who produced this Mother's Day piece:

In an age when little is shared, it probably should come as no shock that Mother's Day has become suspect, too. This time it's not the usual complaint about commercialization of an otherwise fine idea, but questions

about the very underpinnings of the day.

If one is to believe James P. Johnson, a history professor at Brooklyn College, the founder of Mother's Day, Anna M. Jarvis, didn't like her mother all that much.

It has long been assumed that Miss Jarvis became a crusader for the special day out of unbounded love for mom, Anna Reeves Jarvis, who died in 1905. By 1907, her daughter had started lobbying for a memorial to all mothers on the second Sunday in May, and in 1914, Congress made it official. Later, when the candy, flower and greeting-card people entered the picture, Miss Jarvis protested strongly, and she



MOTHER ANNA

died a most bitter person in 1948.

Now comes Professor Johnson, whose specialty is psychohistory and who pored over Jarvis family documents in



Grafton
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DAUGHTER ANNA

Grafton, W. Va.

What he found was that "Anna created a memorial to an idealized image of her mother because she could not deal with her own — perhaps

largely unconscious — ambivalent feelings toward her."

The exact nature of the antagonism is unclear, although the professor points to such details as Mrs. Jarvis's refusal to let her daughter leave home to work in Philadelphia. "The mother clutched at the daughter," Professor Johnson said, but "whatever hostility Anna felt toward her mother was replaced with a worshipful adoration."

"QUOTE"

United Press International

Senate Democratic leader Robert C. Byrd found a letter slipped under his office door when he came in for his regular weekend press conference. He read it to the reporters.

"To Senator Bob Byrd," he began, and then paused.

"I wish they'd call me 'Robert' down there," he said.

The letter was signed "Jimmy Carter."



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Anna Jarvis Really Love Mom?

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column called "Notes on
in the New York
and who produced this
Mother's Day piece:

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THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLBILLY -



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221 Are Knights & Ladies Of Golden Horseshoe

The West Virginia Department of Education honored 221 eighth-grade students from every county in the state at the annual Golden Horseshoe Day on May 18 at the State Capitol in Charleston.

At least two students from each county and one from the Schools for the Deaf and the Blind in Romney were dubbed Knights and Ladies of the Golden Horseshoe at the all-day ceremony.

The students scored the highest on a test about West Virginia prepared by the State

Department of Education. The two highest scorers in each county were chosen, while the remaining 110 students were the other highest scorers in the state, prorated by county according to the county's ratio to the number of eighth-grade students in the state.

In addition, a number of persons who have made outstanding contributions to the Golden Horseshoe and the West Virginia studies programs were honored. However, their identities were kept secret until Golden Horseshoe

Day.

The students assembled in the Capitol at 8 a.m. for registration and refreshments, followed by a guided tour of the Capitol. At 9:40 a.m., they met in the House of Delegates Chamber to be greeted by State Superintendent of Schools Daniel B. Taylor.

They heard addresses by Governor John D. Rockefeller, IV; Clyde See, Speaker, House of Delegates; and William T. Brotherton, Jr., President of the Senate.

At 1:30 p.m., the students reconvened in the Culture Center to meet members of the Board of Public Works: Governor Rockefeller, Secretary of State A. James Manchin, Auditor Glen Gainer, State Superintendent Taylor, Treasurer Larrie Bailey, Attorney General Chauncey H. Browning, Jr., and Commissioner of Agriculture Gus R. Douglass.

The knighting ceremony began at 2:30 p.m. in the House of Delegates Chamber.

A fanfare arrival of the when their kneeled Ladies and Golden Horseshoe was invited to ceremony, in the audience were candidates for a tour of the Mansion on activities for

Below, the by county

KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE 1979

County	Name	Name of School
Barbour County	DENNIS JONES JULIE ZETTY JOSEPH GRIMES	Philippi Middle Philippi Middle Philippi Middle
Berkeley County	CHRISTOPHER ERK BRENTON KEEFER BRIAN MURPHY WILLIAM MANUEL MARK MORGAN	Musselman High Martinsburg N. Middle Martinsburg N. Middle Martinsburg N. Middle Martinsburg N. Middle
Boone County	SANDRA ALESHIRE BOBBY BERRY PAUL WILLIAMS BARRY MIDKIFF	Comfort El. Madison-Danville Jr. Madison-Danville Jr.

Harrison County DAVID RICHARDSON
MIKE BEDELL
DOUG GRAY
TRACEY BEALL
DREW WESTBROOK
DEBBIE POSEY

Jackson County THOMAS GOOD
TOM YAMBRICK
DENNIS HUGHES
JOAN MILHOAN

Jefferson County RENEE LEVEQUE
JAMES SCOTT
BRETT WILMORE
FRANCIS DANIEL

Kanawha County SEAN DEAN

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Pleasants County . . .

HOWARD MEEKS, II

Pocahontas County . .

CHRIS JESSEE

PAUL MURPHY

PERRY MURPHY

New Laureate Tickles Jay

When the American poet Stephen Vincent Benet read Louise McNeill's "Gauley Mountain" he said, "There's a new voice in the land. Last week that new voice came to Charleston to accept the office of Poet Laureate. She read from her new book, and it must be a very funny book because it broke Governor Jay Rockefeller up. The superimposed poem, however, isn't from her new "Elderberry Flood," but from her earlier success, "Gauley Mountain." More in Book Chats, page 15.



ISSN 0043-3241

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION



The Gauley mail was overdue
When Jed who was to drive it through
Cheat Mountain Pass to Staunton Run
Got special word from Washington—
In which a postal clerk inquired
Why Mr. Kane who had been hired
To drive the course at post haste rate
Was not in yet, though three months late.

And now on a high-glazed marble wall
In the postal building Jed Kane's scrawl
Hangs framed in silver: "Respected Sir,
You ask the reason and this be her—
If the gable end blowed out of hell
Straight into the drifts of a snow that fell
Last fall on the ram's horn point of Cheat
It would take till Easter for brimstone heat
To melt a horsepath. So I remain.
Your obdt. svt., Jedson Kane."



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Cass Plans Unveiled

Governor Rockefeller unveiled plans May 12 to restore the historic town of Cass — plans which, in his words, “will offer the public the best piece of Americana that can be found in the rugged, colorful logging history of this part of the country.”

Speaking at dedication ceremonies of the new depot at the Cass Scenic Railroad, the Governor said, “Our plans for Cass are ambitious.”

Rockefeller said work on the first major project to be undertaken — construction of a sewage treatment system to serve the Pocahontas County town — will begin July 1, and work on a water system should start soon thereafter.

Other historic restoration plans, according to the Governor, include:

- a museum depicting West Virginia's timber industry history, incorporating part of the old Cass Mill;

- renovation of the Town Hall, jail, clubhouse, country store and boarding house; and

- camping and recreational facilities for visitors to Cass.

“The ambition embodied in this plan is matched only by our

determination to see it succeed. And, we're going to use every resource available to us,” the Governor said.

Rockefeller added that while work is proceeding on the sewage treatment plant, workers from the Young Adult Conservation Corps will be renovating buildings in the town.

Today marks the beginning of the 16th year of operation for the Cass Scenic Railroad. Since 1963, almost 750,000 people have ridden on the railroad, the Governor said.

“Our reputation as a people . . . the reputation of the railroad . . . the reputation of West Virginia as a state brimming with wholesome, family recreation opportunities, is growing rapidly,” Rockefeller said.

He continued, “We have become a nation whose people are spending more and more of their leisure time in search of history — in search of our roots, if you will.

“And to the extent that we're willing to provide authentic opportunities for understanding that history, we're providing one more link between West Virginians and their colorful history.”

The History of the Greenbrier Branch

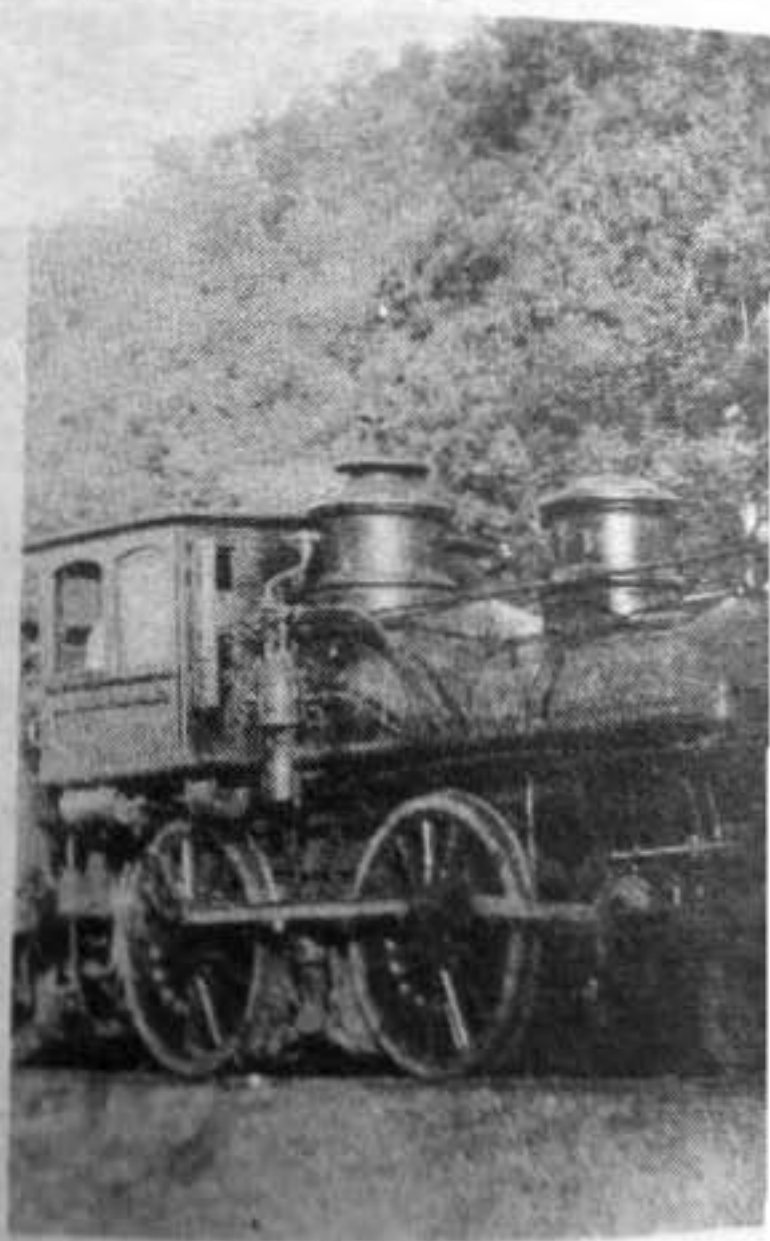
By William P. McNeel
PART 8

The new schedule listed stops above Marlinton at Harper, Clover Lick, Forrest, and Cass. Again there was an improvement in speed with the train leaving Ronceverte at 7:45, arriving at Marlinton at 10:35 and Cass at 11:15. The return trip began at 1:45 for a 5:55 arrival at Ronceverte. Service was still six days a week. The train also acquired new cards in June and was now composed of a combination mail and baggage car and two day coaches.

Having reached the major objective at Cass, the Construction of the line on to the Forks of the Greenbrier and the new town of Durbin was done at a more leisurely pace. Durbin was not reached until 1902 with passenger service being extended there on May 26.

The year 1902 closed with one of the more fascinating chapters in the history of the Greenbrier Railway, our own "railroad war." It is a pity that the full story will probably not be known at this date. The "war" involved a narrow part of the river valley east of Durbin where only one railroad could be built at a reasonable expense. A second line would

have to bridge the river at least twice or do considerable excavating. In June, 1902, John T. McGraw and associates incorporated the Greenbrier, Monongahela and Pittsburgh Railroad to build a railroad from Durbin to Point Marion, Pennsylvania. At this time, also, plans were underway to erect a large tannery above the narrows. In September the G.M. and P. filed a plat at the

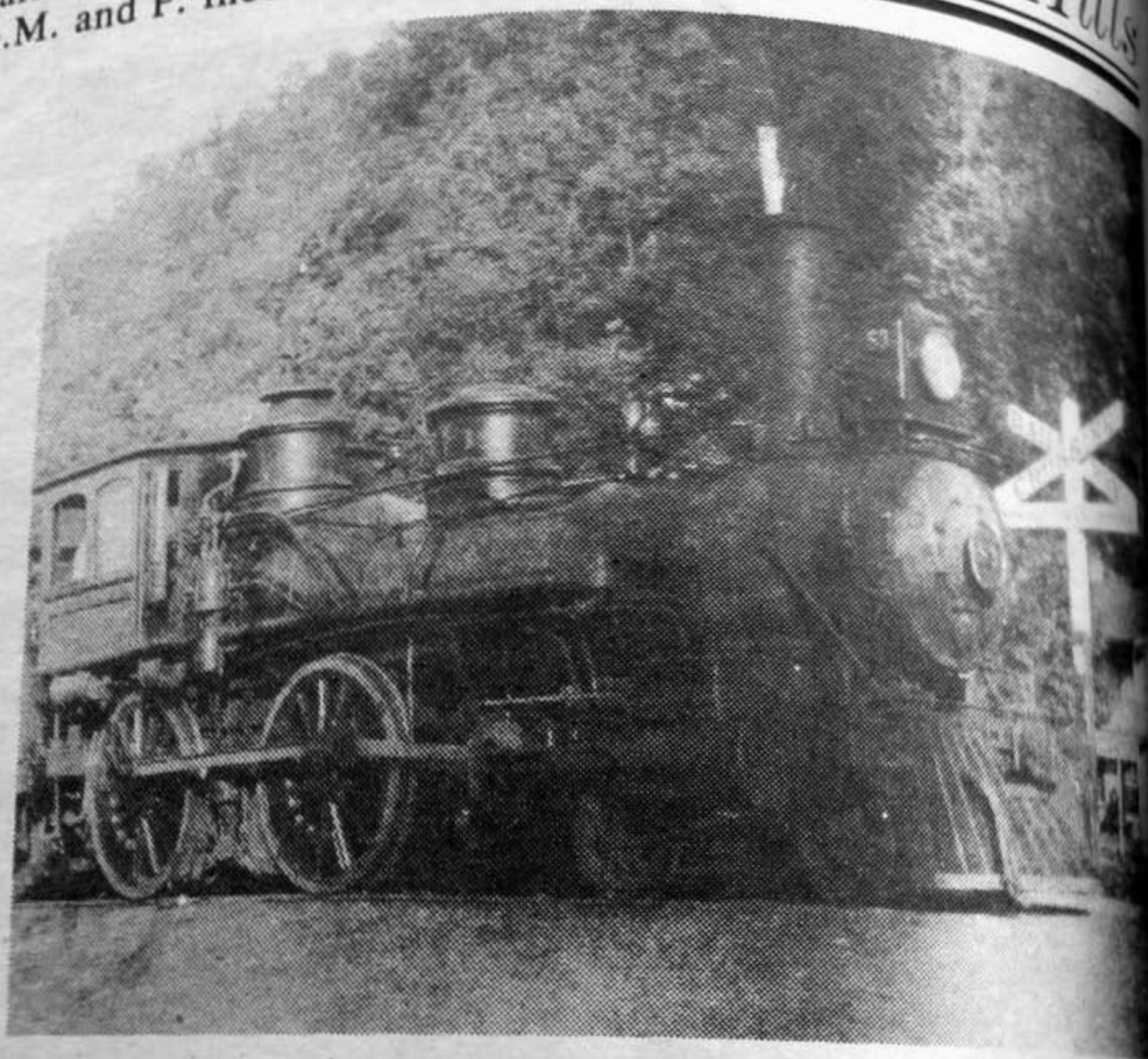


Passenger engine

Court House detailing their route from Durbin to Bartow and deeds were recorded for the right-of-way through the

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Passenger engine at Marlinton.

Court House detailing their route from Durbin to Bartow and deeds were recorded for the right-of-way through the narrows.

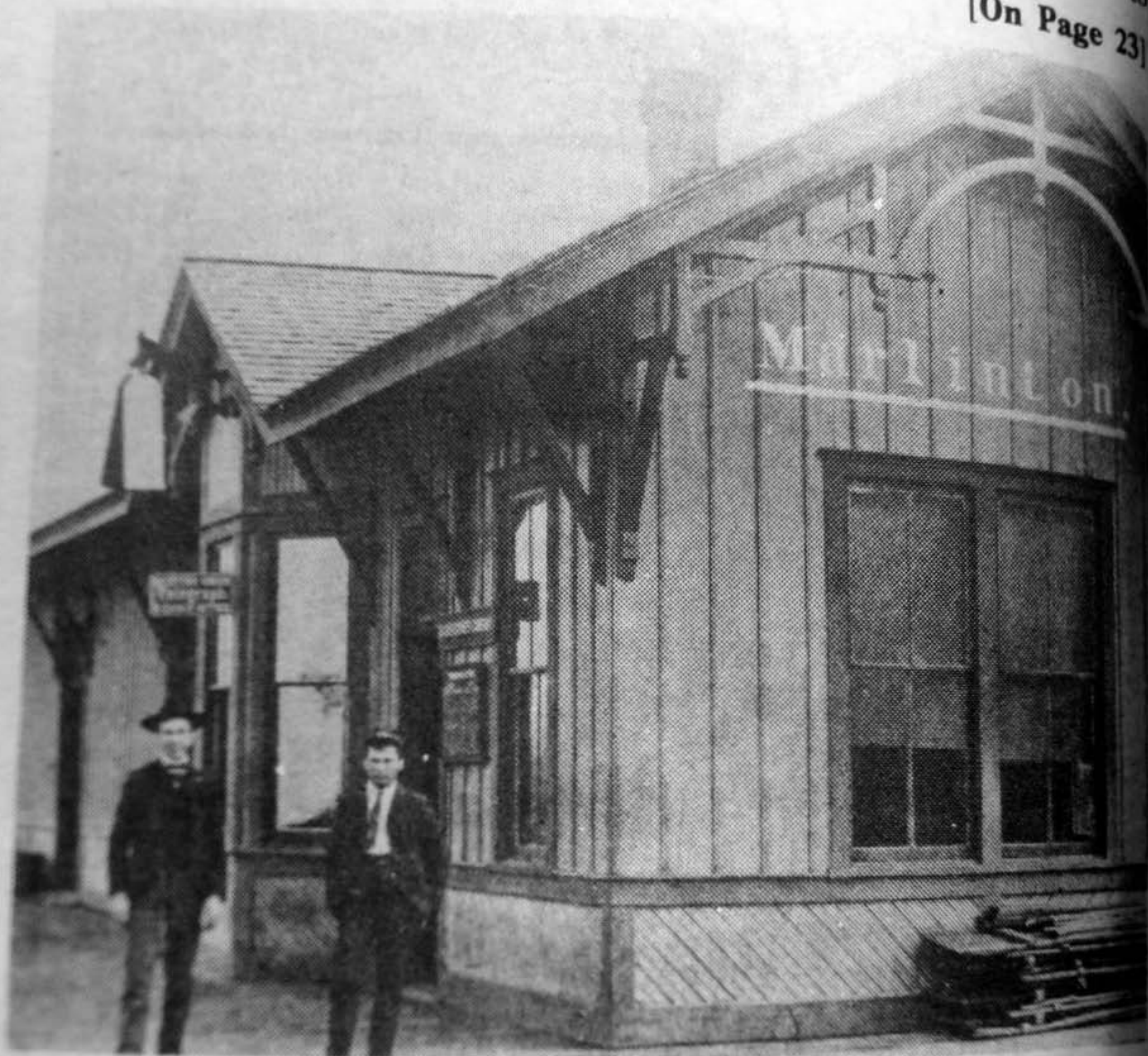
At this point the C&O seems to have noticed they might lose

the tannery business and access to timber developments on the East Fork. They reacted in the classic way of the movies and on Saturday night, October 4, moved a crew of men to

[On Page 23]

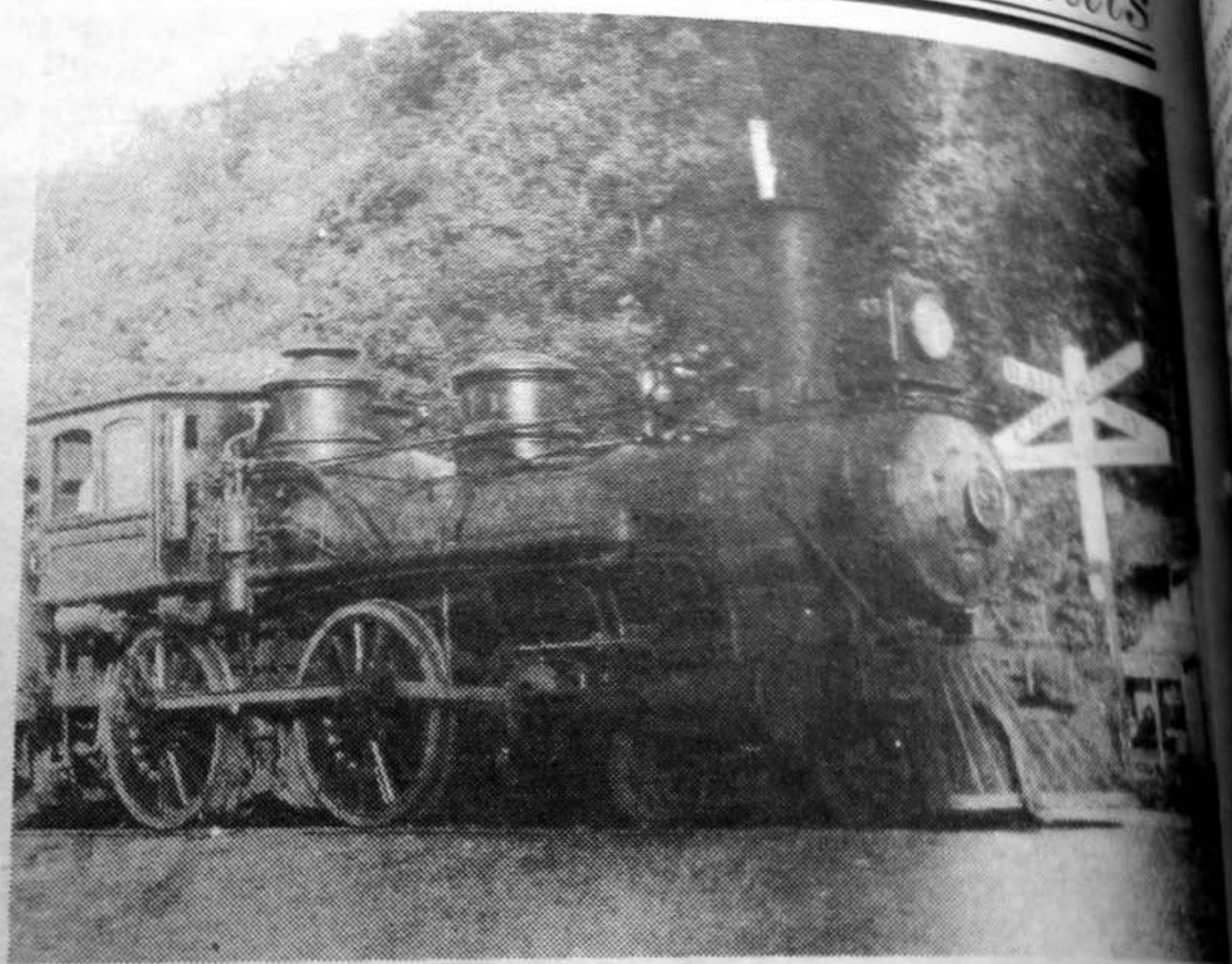
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[On Page 23]



Early shot of the Marlinton station.

TOO RICH



Passenger engine at Marlinton.

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[On Page 23]

He Performed First Do-It-Yourself Operation

From Sun-Times Wires

An emotionally troubled young man performed a complicated eight-hour abdominal operation upon himself in an effort to reduce his sex drive, the Journal of the American Medical Assn. reports.

Ned H. Kalin, a University of Wisconsin psychiatrist, describes the case in the 18 issue, saying he believes it is the first such case in medical history.

The 22-year-old man, using mirrors and professional surgical equipment, opened his abdomen and tried to sever the nerves to his adrenal gland, which influences sexual and aggressive feelings. He did this two months after surgically removing his own testicles, the report said.

"This patient's self-taught understanding of medical concepts is impressive," Kalin said, "not to mention his application of this knowledge."

HE SAID HE presented the report in an effort to alert physicians that self-surgery may occur in patients who have asked doctors to operate upon them and have been rejected. The patient he describes had been to a urologist to ask to have his testicles removed but had been turned down.

Kalin said the young man spent many hours in a medical library studying books on surgery and learning about the most recent research on the adrenal gland and its hormonal secretions.

He said the man started preparing his room at 4 a.m. for his surgery, using a spray disinfectant and alcohol and draped himself and surroundings with sterilized sheets.

He took barbiturates for anesthesia, and as the surgery progressed used a local anesthetic on the wound to deaden the pain. He wore sterile gloves and a surgical mask and lay on his back with mirrors to guide him. He kept a canister of vaporized adrenaline at his side in case of a possible shock syndrome.

KALIN SAID THE man made an incision with a scalpel and used retractors to keep the wound open as he attempted to reach the adrenal gland. He applied a gelatin powder to control bleeding and sewed the larger vessels with sterilized cotton thread.

Kalin reported that after eight hours, there was minimal blood loss but the man was unable to reach the adrenal gland because of pain in retracting his liver.

"Exhausted, he bandaged his wound, cleaned up his room and called the police for transport to the hospital because of a 'rupture,'" Kalin wrote.

AT THE HOSPITAL, astonished surgeons examined the man, found his wounds to be remarkably clean and free of infection, discovered gauze bandages packed in his abdominal cavity and noted ligatures tied around major blood vessels, the article said.

The surgeons closed the wound, and the patient recovered.

Kalin said the man had a history of mental disorders relating to apparent sexual disorientation and told doctors he was attempting to relieve his "mental illness" by attempting to "denervate his adrenal glands." He denied he was a transsexual or wished surgically to change his sex but took daily doses of female hormones to suppress his male sexual emotions.

Do It Yourself Operation

[From Page 5]

would immediately see through the thing and laugh it right out of the papers.

When I caught up with him, he said, "Look, I don't mind giving you the technical information, and telling you how it could be done. But I don't want my name connected with it in any way. After all, there is such a thing as medical ethics."

The next Sunday the doctor brought some books and his wife up to my house and as they sat in the room talking about us, Doc and I went to the kitchen, where we mixed us up a couple and he opened up the books and started explaining things, and it wasn't long before I had my idea on a rather firm foundation.

Looking at the story now, after all these years, I am amazed how logical it all was, this treatise on removing one's own appendix. And surgeons, several of them, have said that a person's survival chances would be just as good as on their own operating table. Or almost.

"You don't need as many things as doctors use. We have to have quite a formidable layout for the customer to see. It gives him confidence just before he goes to sleep, and something to remember when he wakes up and gets the bill."

He enumerated: 1 single-edged razor blade. He said the one with the flange on it, so as to serve as depth gauge, and to keep it from removing any important material.

2 tablespoons with handles bent an inch-and-a-half from the end to serve as retractors. Extremely fat people, he said, should bend handles one inch farther from the end.

1 pair eyebrow tweezers.

And what is the worth of a medical or surgical dissertation without a plate? The glossy page in the book with the picture on it, labeled plate one, plate two, plate three, and so forth.

So I needed a plate and I stopped the press and wondered what to use. I didn't want to get in trouble with the Postmaster-General again by violating postal regulations relative to decency and all that stuff, by showing the exposed area for an appendix operation. But then it came to me what to do. The Venus de Milo! She has been declared art, and therefore couldn't violate any postal regulations, and the exposed area was just exactly right. So I found a good copy, lined off the place for the incision, labeled it "Plate 1. Follow the dotted line from a to b."

That is the story, and it was good because as I say, it served its satiric purpose. And it went over with my readers. They said something slightly between humph and huh, and in Richwood that is about as high a praise as an editor can get.

That should have been the end of the story, but it wasn't. Some weeks after the thing, the phone rang.

I knew it was something unusual, I could tell because the girl who came to get me was pale and nervous. "It's the Associated Press," she whispered. And then I grew place and felt myself trembling. "It's Charleston, I suppose," I said. But she grew a shade paler and trembled even more. "No," she managed to say. "New York."

And it was. I heard the man say to the operator, "I want to speak with Jim Comstock, in Richwood, West Virginia." I gulped and said, "This is he."

The man said, "Operator, operator! You have given me Richmond, Virginia. I want Richwood. West

the one.

He enumerated: 1 single-edged razor blade. He said the one with the flange on it, so as to serve as depth gauge, and to keep it from removing any important material.

2 tablespoons with handles bent an inch-and-a-half from the end to serve as retractors. Extremely fat people, he said, should bend handles one inch farther from the end.

1 pair eyebrow tweezers.

1 spring clothespin.

8 regular needles, inch-and-a-half in length, threaded with size 49 ONT thread.

1-5cc glass barrel-and-plunger syringe with 26-gauge, 2 inch needle attached.

1 roll adhesive tape.

1 pair rubber gloves.

1 bottle of alcohol. (Virginia Gentleman, perferably.)

1 or two sponges. Some towels.

1 detective story.

"Remove the mirror from the car and fasten it to the ceiling right over the dining room table. Get the family out for the afternoon. Pack them to a movie or let 'em dig ramps. Scoot down under the mirror and get to work."

He explained the detective story. "Only thing a hospital ever gives a patient to read," he said. Then he said something else. "Have a towel count. You would be surprised how many towels we lose. The hospital always charges them against us, and we must have the patient back for corrective surgery."

There was more, of course, but nothing that was vital to the story. I wrote it up and put it in the paper and looked at the first copy and shook my head. It wasn't right. There was something missing. When a cook does a stew and forgets the onion, she knows there's something wrong, but it doesn't come to her at once. Nor did it come to me at once, but after awhile it did. No plate. There was no plate.

then I grew pale and felt myself trembling. "It's Charleston, I suppose," I said. But she grew a shade paler and trembled even more. "No," she managed to say. "New York."

And it was. I heard the man say to the operator, "I want to speak with Jim Comstock, in Richwood, West Virginia." I gulped and said, "This is he."

The man said, "Operator, operator! You have given me Richmond, Virginia. I want Richwood, West Virginia."

I then said, "Okay, this is him," and he said, "Oh, hello. Are you the editor?"

He said he had a clipping that looked as if it might have come from my newspaper, only he doubted it, because it dealt with the idea that a person could remove his own appendix, and he was quite sure that a paper wouldn't do that.

I asked him why not, and he asked was I kidding? I certainly wouldn't advocate such a thing, would I? And I asked was he kidding to think that I was kidding? The thing was just satire, something to rid the world of an evil, and I told him all about it. "Then you weren't serious," he said. I said of course not.

"Well," he said, "the Associated Press would like to use it. You know what the Associated Press is, don't you? It takes things from other papers and sends them out all over the world."

I told him each man had his own kind of larceny and would he go on. He said he wanted to put my "proposal" on the wire, but first he wanted my permission to change it some. I asked why change it, and then I found out after a week or so. I got a whole wastebasketful of clippings from people from all over the United States. He had changed it all right. The Associated Press had taken a minor masterpiece and really ruined it. Each paragraph started off with something like, "The

...were quite a hotel.
"Then one day 20 or so of what looked like Kentucky woodsmen, you know, really rough looking customers with bulges under their coats, showed up at the hotel and started watching us," one of the Republican senators said.

editor says, but don't try it
"Comstock's tongue is in his cheek
"The editor admits he is kidding

"I wondered to myself what had the world outside of West Virginia come to that they couldn't take a little harmless satire, that they could only read the lines and not between. And then suddenly one day, I found out that the Associated Press was right. Maybe you can't fool around with people. Maybe you do have to draw a picture when you play with satire."

I got a letter from England:
13 South Street
Brighton 1, Sussex England

Dear Mr. Comstock:

I am taking the liberty of writing you about an article in your newspaper which appeared on or about the 6th of November entitled "You Can Remove Your Own Appendix."

I heard about the article from a relative who has been fortunate enough to live and settle down in America. Here in England there is a socialized medicine scheme, as you know, where you don't pay anything for an operation, but you run the risk of dying of old age before your name comes up to the top of the waiting list.

Enclosed is a one-dollar bank note which a fine American soldier gave to me. If at all possible could you send me the copy of the paper with the article in it, and if the dollar pays enough, could you send it by air mail?

Sincerely,
J.W.C. Fox

I sent it by air mail. I even returned his "bank note." Roosevelt started the trend of sending everything abroad, so

agreement was reached, everyone turned to Charleston where the Democrats were permitted to proceed with the election of the two U.S. Senators and the Republicans were allowed to organize the State Senate.

why not? I found out why not when Bronson came in. "Bronson," I said, "there's a guy in England who

"You didn't send it, did you?" Bronson asked. Bronson never wanted me to finish what I start. He developed a rather good premature defense mechanism. He says he gets off 500 letterheads while asking a question. So he answered the cue of the first word or two.

He was right. I had done wrong sending a thing like this to a man in a country famed for its inability to get the point. I had such visions of self-mutilation at 13 South Street Brighton, England, that I immediately sat down and wrote and sent air mail letter to the police department Brighton, England.

"Hurry around to 13 South Street. The life you save might be that of J.W.C. Fox," I wrote.

Then I checked the Editor's and Publisher's guide to newspapers of the world, picked out the more Republican sounding name of a paper in Brighton and wrote them a letter. I said to the police department of Brighton, "as slow as some police departments I knew, there might be a doory of a kind at 13 South Street."

I never heard from Mr. Fox. And I haven't heard from the police department, nor the newspaper. I know is that when I shuffle off my mortal coil, and after I have been with St. Peter to see if my work arrived, I am going to ask about J.W.C. Fox. I want to know if he arrived. And if so, I'd like to know the circumstances.

Gasahol Makes Little Sense

Gasohol, a blend of grain alcohol, is getting a lot of play in the press during the gasoline shortage. The use makes very little economic sense however.

One plant in Kansas is scheduled to start production in about six weeks producing ethyl (grain) alcohol from wheat, and it expects to sell it for \$1.50 per gallon. This is slightly above the going price of ethyl alcohol made from petroleum, but it is well above current gasoline prices.

The \$1.50 for the grain alcohol is a bulk price without taxes. A comparable price for gasoline is about 50¢. If taxes and distribution costs were added to alcohol, it would bring the price up to at least \$1.80 per gallon.

Even beyond this, alcohol is not as efficient a fuel as gasoline. It would probably take half again as much to fuel an auto. Small amounts to help gasoline by improving the antiknock rating, but anything more than a few percent offers no advantage.

The most likely way that grain alcohol could be added to gasoline is with government subsidies, and apparently this is what is happening. The Department of Agriculture is putting up \$30 million in loan guarantees for plants, and the Department of Energy appar-

FIKE'S PIQUE

By Elmer Fike

ently is encouraging the effort. Can full subsidies be far behind considering the clout of farm belt congressmen?

Something that would make far more sense is the conversion of coal to gasoline. Liquefaction processes have been studied for years. They were used in Germany during the war and are currently being used in South Africa. They are very nearly competitive with mideast oil, and, if the price of oil continues upward, the time may soon arrive when coal liquefaction is competitive.

A similar alternative that could be closer to realization and have the appeal of gasohol (but be far more practical) is the conversion of coal to methanol, also called methyl (wood) alcohol. This alcohol can be used in the same way as grain alcohol, and race car drivers have used it full strength for years.

Methanol made from natural gas currently sells in the fifties, but, again, it is not as efficient as gasoline. It takes 1.5 to 2 gallons to take the place of a gallon of gasoline, but it is far cheaper than grain alcohol that is being promoted

so hard.

It has been estimated that methanol could be made from coal considerably cheaper than from natural gas. It is possible that a price of 35¢ to 40¢ per gallon is possible. At this level it begins to get quite attractive. Autos could be modified to burn methyl alcohol. There are also economical processes to convert methanol to a high octane gasoline.

Why isn't this practical solution being implemented? First, where will the money come from to build the enormous plants required? Business ventures of this type often fail to yield the necessary profit to attract the investment. Any profit greater than the guaranteed return on a government bond is considered obscene, so why take the risk?

A greater deterrent may be the environmental regulations in effect today. It is doubtful if the necessary permits from EPA and other agencies could be obtained to build the necessary facilities. Witness the difficulties Dow faced in trying to build a petrochemical plant in California or the difficulties in building new refineries.

Unfortunately, the course of the country is being determined more by political and environmental demagoguery than by sound science and economics.

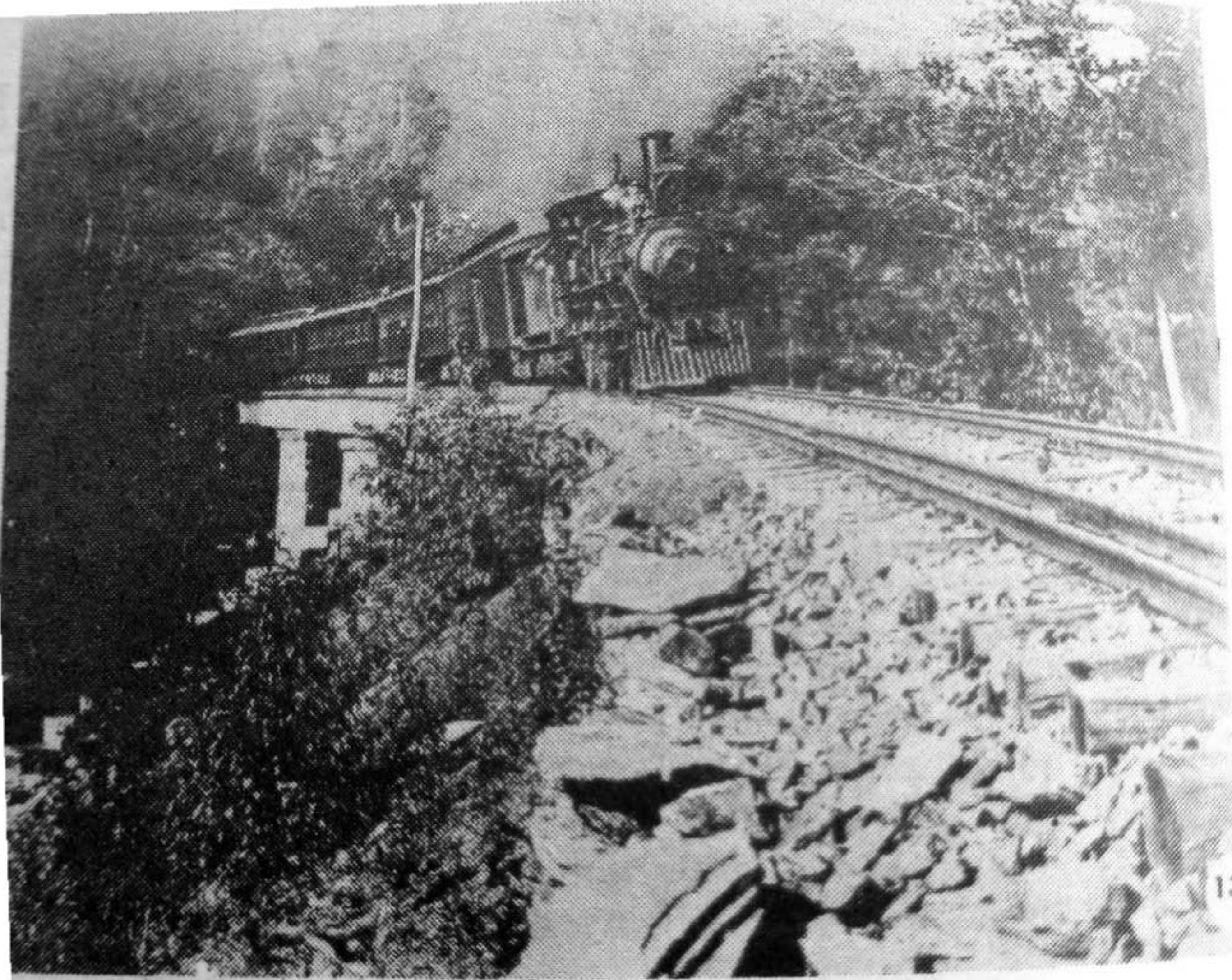
Greenbrier

[From Page 4]

Moore has found memories of the Black porter on this car, Uncle Henry. When she would be en route to visit her uncle in Charleston he would make sure she got on the proper train at Ronceverte. This service continued until war-time cutbacks in 1918.

During these early days of the Greenbrier Branch's history, the passenger (and freight) trains had no problem finding places to stop. The already existing communities, together with the new sawmill towns, gave rise to the saying that the trains had to back up after leaving one station in order to have whistling distance to the next station. A list of stops on the Greenbrier follows. Not all of these existed at the same time (although most did) and there was variation over the years as to which were scheduled stops and which were flag-stops. The ones in capital letters were graced by the presence of the C&O victorian style station buildings:

WINTERBURN, BARTOW, Frank, DURBIN, Whiting, Boyer, Hosterman, Nida, Wanless, Pine Flats, CASS, Deer Creek, Raywood, SITLINGTON, Stony Bottom, CLOVER LICK, Big Run, Harter, Claw-



Passenger train crosses Greenbrier River north of Harter.

History Of The Greenbrier Branch

By William P. McNeel
Part 10

The author has come across the names of a few more "dream" railroads that were

planned to enter Pocahontas County:

The Webster Railroad, 1883, from Clarksburg to White Sulphur Springs.

The Virginia, Parkersburg & Ohio Railway, 1887, from Parkersburg to the Virginia line via Marlin's Bottom.

Blackwater & Greenbrier Valley Railroad, 1888, from Tucker County, through Randolph County, down the Greenbrier River to Caldwell.

Elk Valley & Tide Water Railroad, 1889, from Charleston, up Elk River, to the Virginia-West Virginia line near Frost.

The Ohio — West Virginia Southern Railway, 1889, from Williamstown to the West Virginia-Virginia line near Huntersville.

Potomac, Blackwater & Greenbrier Valley Railroad, 1890, from Romney, to Petersburg, through Pendleton County, down the Greenbrier River to White Sulphur Springs.

Grafton & Kanawha Railroad, 1890, from Grafton to Charleston by a round-about





Shay Comes Back To Life

Dry Gulch No. 1 is a 3-truck Shay Locomotive built by Lima Locomotive Works in 1927. It was owned and operated by the Cherry River Boom & Lumber Co., Richwood as the No. 2. Later her final timber job was as Elk River Coal & Lumber No. 19 on Buffalo Creek in Clay County and was one of the last commercial timber haulers operating in the country and attracted rail buffs from all over the world. Sam Lane, Dry Gulch chief machanical officer, says she is in top shape and ready to haul passengers up through the line's switch back and 9% grade. Dry Gulch is operated in conjunction with the popular Big Mountain Lookout complex — only 30 miles from Bluefield.

An Episode of Bedbugs

RFD 1, Box 242
Westborough, Mass.

Let me tell you about bedbugs.

Not that I have ever seen one, except on a pinning board. Others can no doubt give testimony more eloquent, including the recent letter in your columns, which inspired this. But I have a couple of contributions to what must be one of the great stories of American folklore and history.

Not just American, either. Beatrix Potter, for instance — the author of Peter Rabbit and numerous others juvenile thrillers — knew about them. Margaret Lane's recent biography — if you print this, copyright problems are yours — gives an account of Beatrix's girlhood life with her well-to-do 19th Century English family:

"... There was even an alarm that Papa might winter abroad, with Mrs. Potter and Beatrix in attendance..."

"... the Potters continued their circuit of rented country houses and reliable hotels, where even in the late nineties and at their luxurious level the beds had to be carefully

examined. 'I sniffed my bedroom on arrival,' Beatrix methodically recorded at Torquay, 'and for a few hours felt a certain grim satisfaction when my forebodings were maintained . . . I did not undress after the first night, but I was obliged to lie on the bed because there were only two chairs and one of them was broken. It is very uncomfortable to sleep with Keating's powder in the hair.' Even at Lennel House, near Coldstream, which they had rented for the summer, there was a 'discovery of bugs in the back premises, an event which overshadoweth all things else . . .'"

Hillbilly readers are familiar with the name of Fred Brooks, of the French Creek Pioneers (one of the four Brooks brothers after whom Brooks Hall, at the University, is named, and father of Maurice Brooks, former head of the School of Forestry and prolific writer on West Virginia natural history and on the Appalachians). Fred was State Entomologist in the years before World War I, and knowledgeable in such matters as Bugs.

Sometime in those years, on a trip with his wife — I believe in New York State, but don't hold me to it, especially if New York sues — he made due and careful inquiry on arrival at an inn, and was faithfully assured that the premises were bug-free. The assurance, however, proved to be false. Brooks had his entomological collecting equipment with him (no entomologist really leaves it behind, wherever he goes); and upon the morn, he collected a large number of the offenders — enough so that he was able to pin them on the sheets, in a pattern about four feet long, spelling out the word, Bugs. We may presume that the inkeeper understood the gravement of the comment.

I should hesitate to libel the State of New York by being the first to suggest that bedbugs have been found within its jurisdiction; and I need not. While as I understand it younger readers live in a somewhat different world, those old enough to be regular readers of Hillbilly will recall the bedbugs at the farm of the Van Trumppers, Rolf's friends when he was not in the woods, as well as the treatment he applied — a substance growing ever rarer and more costly.

C. A. Parnie

Greenbrier Branch History

[From Page 4]

but after schooling I went to work for The Bell System instead. However, I have always been interested in railroading. As I looked at the picture of the train standing in Marlinton on that October day 1900 it brought back fond memories of by-gone days. I have ridden in the cab many times with engineer Ira Bowling and others. I remember very well engineer Sampson, who ran the first train into Marlinton. He ran trains 142 and 143 for years. He always rode with his head out of the cab window and his long white whiskers flowing in the breeze. I once heard a story about him which is appropriate for this occasion.

As I mentioned he was the first engineer to run a train into Marlinton. On that day a great crowd was gathered around the engine, amazed at the size and power of such a huge machine. It weighed almost 40 tons.

Mr. Sampson said to his fireman, Bill Montgomery, "Let's have some fun." Bill agreed. "I'm going to holler for everyone to get away back from the track as we have to turn around. I'll blow the whistle, let out some steam from the cylinders, and you ring the bell."

After the noise stopped he motioned for everyone to get back, then hollered in a loud voice, "Get back, everyone, we are about to turn around!" I was told that he never had to make a second announcement as men, women and children rushed backwards so fast they knocked each other over.

As I looked at the picture I tried to guess where it must have been standing. From the contour of the hill on the left and the large oak tree in the background I guessed it to be just below the present street crossing. I say an oak tree because I remember it and if that is so it is the large stump that was marked as an historical land mark.

Very truly yours,
Floyd Jones

P.S. My sister, Nola Rose, lives in Marlinton, and my sister Mildred Slavin, is postmaster at Seebert.

Alice Moore recalled that she also heard the "turn around" story from her mother, Mrs. Lock McClintic.

BORN TO FIGHT
Order Coupon
Page 8.

No Gas Shortage in Heaven

[To be sung to a ballad tune]

There will be no gas shortage in heaven
No OPEC cartel will hold sway
With a gas station in each street corner
And three cars in every drive way

We'll all drive big gas hogs in heaven
No economy cars will be there
We'll average eight miles to the gallon
And still have plenty to spare

Unleaded will cost not a penny
Free tune-ups and tires there will be
We'll drive on six lane superhighways
Throughout all eternity

There will be no gas shortage in heaven
The rivers will flow with crude oil
Gold streets will have traffic jams daily
For Exxon no longer we'll toil

No 55 limit will slow us
For the pearly white gates we'll not care
Just speed on forever and ever
There will be no gas shortage there.

**[Written May 28, 1979 at Dunbar, W.
Va. by Dwight L. Musser].**



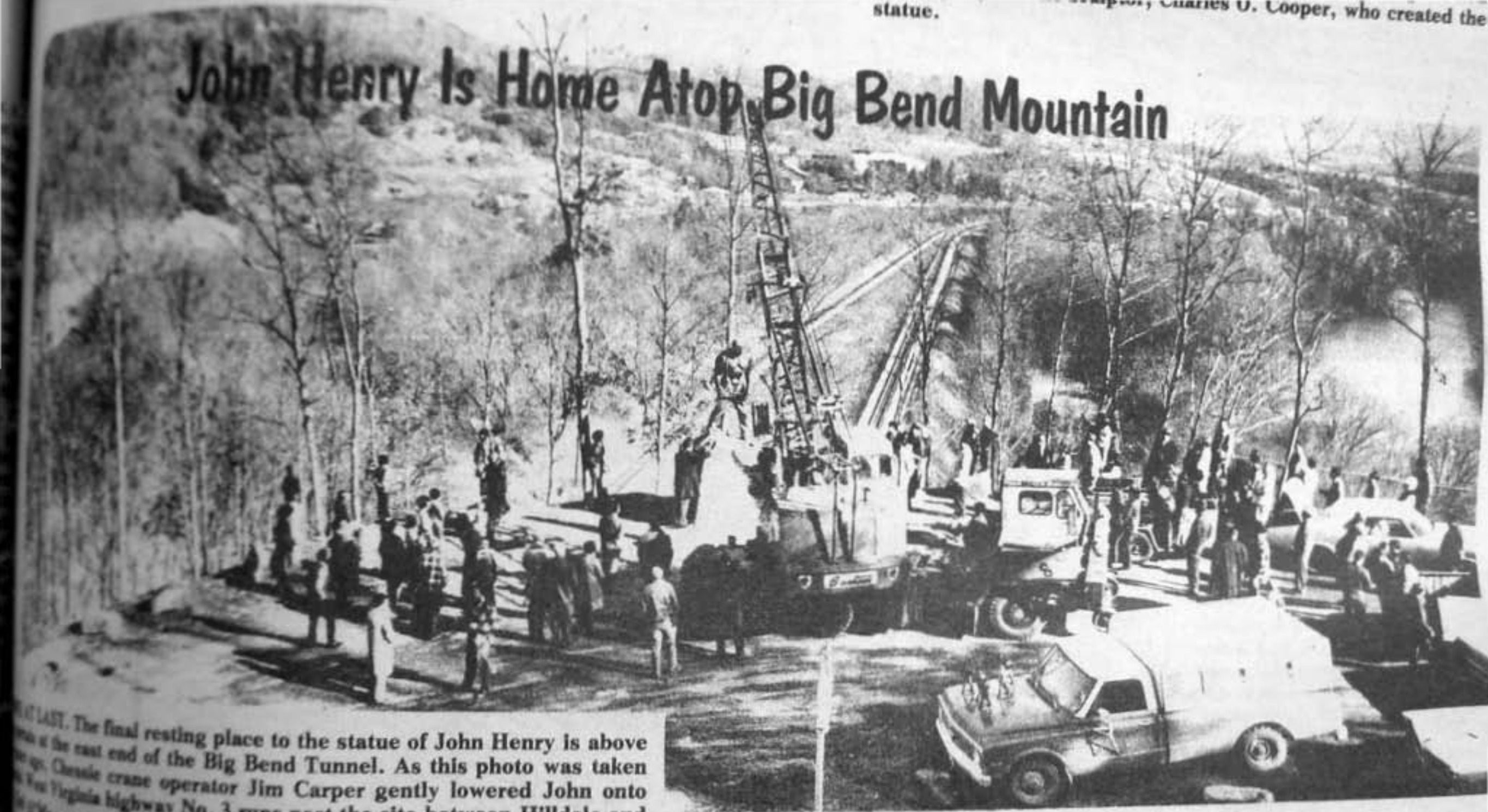
PAUL ROBESON, the first John Henry on a stage.



HAPPY ENDING to a long wait for delivery of the statue is reflected in the smiles of these two men, William E. Halstead, left, executive director of the John Henry Park which sponsored the project, and the sculptor, Charles O. Cooper, who created the statue.

statue. Sculptor, Charles U. Cooper, who created the

John Henry Is Home Atop Big Bend Mountain



AT LAST. The final resting place to the statue of John Henry is above ground at the east end of the Big Bend Tunnel. As this photo was taken last week, Chesapeake crane operator Jim Carper gently lowered John onto the New Virginia highway No. 3 runs past the site between Hilldale and New Market. O'Hearn snapped the shutter on this scene.



Home Atop Big Bend M



The moment of John Henry's victory, seconds before he dies. From the performance of "John Henry" by Eco Theater. Kathy Jackson played the title role.

the moment of John Henry's victory, seconds before he dies. From the performance of "John Henry" by Eco Theater. Kathy Jackson played the title role.

EcoTheater Takes

John Henry on the Road

With haywagon stage, EcoTheater will soon be traveling into the nooks and crannies of southern West Virginia to present the play about the Summers County hero, John Henry, in a brand new revision by playwright, Maryat Lee, director of EcoTheater.

The expanded play will include new comic scenes, an extra fight, in slow motion, the famous preacher Rev. Haynes, a mother whose daughter wants to get married at age 13 — the age many girls married in 1870's.

Ossie Davis, guest humanist and artist who visited an Eco Theater performance in 1978, said of his visit: "This is theater of the people, by the people, from the people, for the people, which is theater at its best."

Due to the popularity of the plays at Pipestem last summer, one feature this summer will be EcoTheater Night at Pipestem Amphitheater every Wednesday at 8 p.m., from July 25 through August 22.

Instead of 20 young people, the EcoTheater company this year will have 25 young people from the county funded by Governor's Summer Youth Program. There are still openings in the company for eligible GSYP, and country musicians and Senior Citizens, guests and volunteers of all ages who want the experience and training. Word is expected next week about a three week extension of the GSYP program for EcoTheater (GSYP participants. Meanwhile, young people have been busy at various activities and will be conducting dances and car

washes to raise money for a bus in which they can travel together to performances along with the scenery and costumes.

EcoTheater, an innovation theater and a model of indigenous theater, was one of only three theaters in the nation represented this spring at a community arts conference in San Diego.

Other expenses for staff and operating, are funded by National Endowment for the Arts, West Virginia Arts & Humanities Council. This is the only arts program in the state in which Governor's Summer Youth are involved and besides acting and stage

managing in the play, they attend classes and learn basic office skills, carpentry, electrical work, painting, lighting, sound, oral history techniques etc., and perform two or three hours of farm chores each week, at the Women's Farm on Powley's Creek where the program is based.

A new barn with a first story of block with stain glass windows, and a frame second story has been built at the Women's Farm by MF Construction Company under contract with Maryat Lee, and will be used to house classes and rehearsals. The barn built at no expense to the Eco-



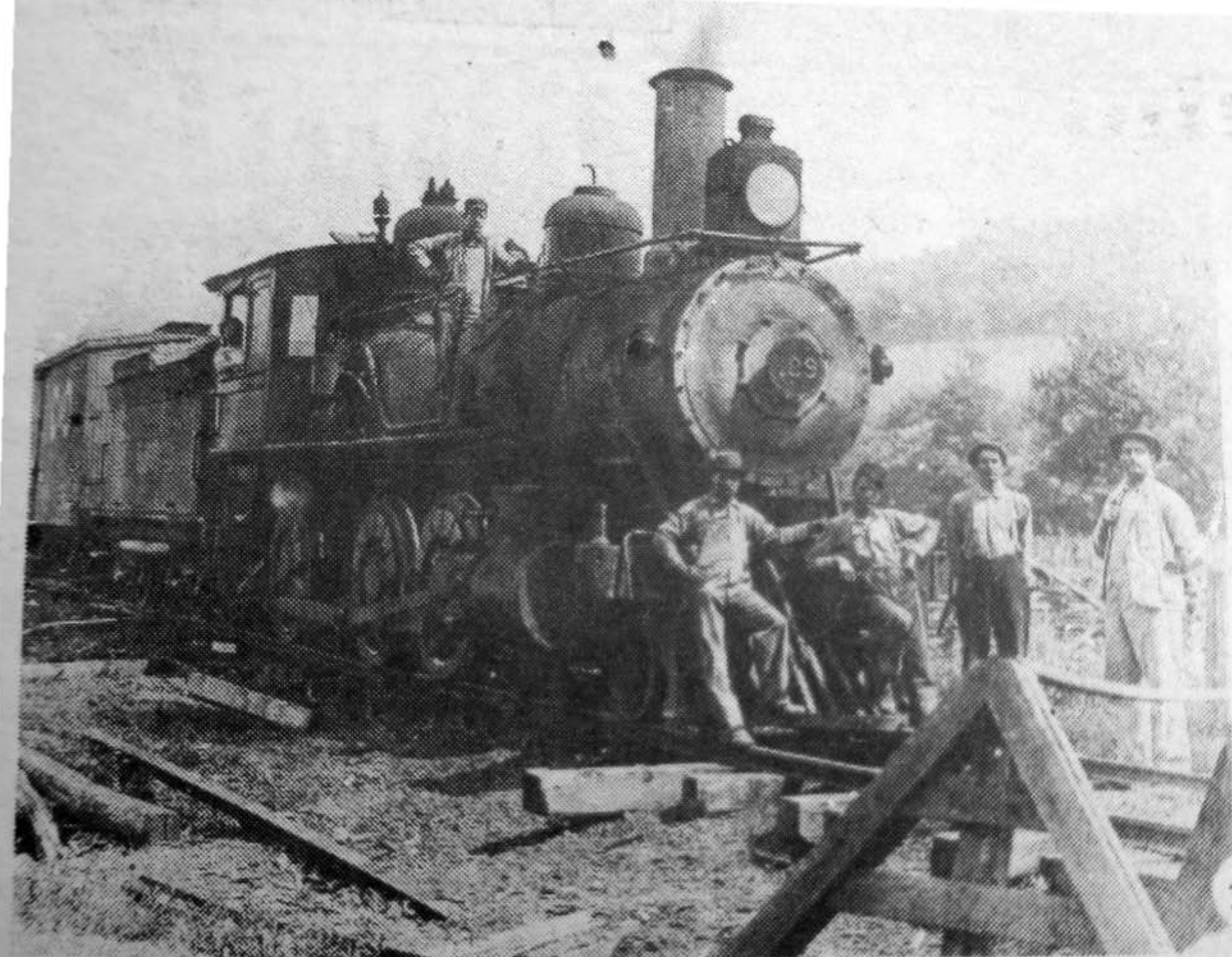
Eco Theater Company — The indigenous summer theater of



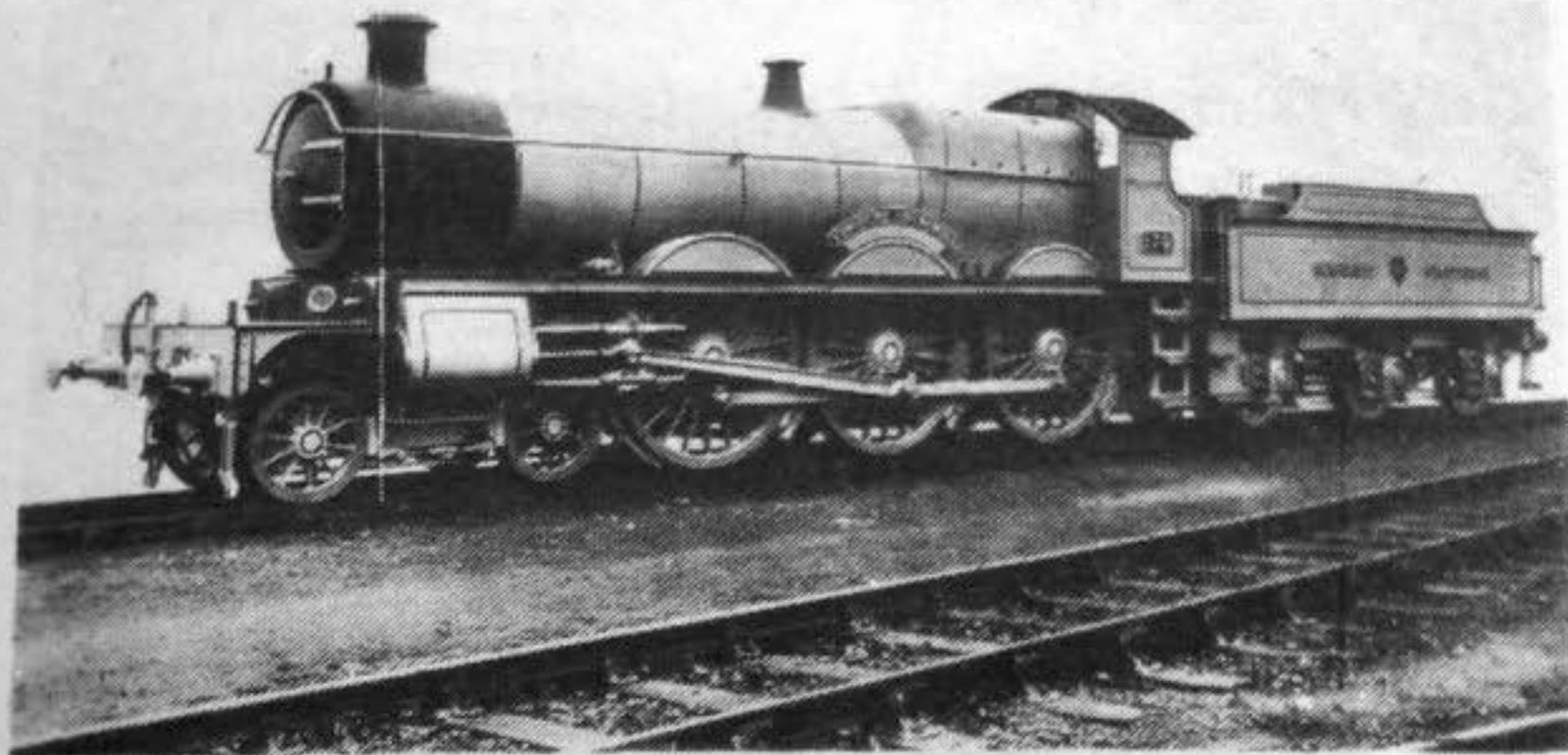
Eco Theater Company — The indigenous summer theater of Summers County.



The moment of John Henry's victory, seconds before he dies. From the performance of "John Henry" by Eco Theater. Kathy Jackson played the title role.



Greenbrier Branch freight and crew. From left, a Turner, Unknown, Lem Walker, Forrest Clinebell, J. E. Hull, Jetter Smitson.



G.W.R.—SIX COUPLED BOGIE PASSENGER ENGINE, "VISCOUNT CHURCHILL"

GWR-Six coupled bogie passenger engine, the "Viscount Churchill", early 1900 vintage. Picture on a postal card mailed in England, 1911, to a young boy from his cousin.

Do you know what a "six coupled bogie passenger engine" is? I didn't think so, and that should get me even with some of the locomotive enthusiasts. These folks are forever telling me—and correctly—that I don't know all that much about the size, shape, and configuration of the locomotives I write about.

I have a picture of the type of engine I mentioned above and it's from the United Kingdom. The number of the engine is 175 and its name is Viscount Churchill, and even though I dislike parting with the picture, I shall share it with you.

But all of the above is just part of this postal card, and it is a postal card.

The postmark shows it was mailed in Wealdstone, Middlesex, in August 1911, at 5:30

p.m., and was addressed to Master Max Whitehead, 15 Granard Road, Wadsworth Common. The postal card came to me from John E. Duffy, of RD 3, Moundsville. John says he works at PPG and his father is a retired railroad engineer formerly working out of Benwood, and the name strikes a faint memory of my time as a dispatcher on the Short Line, New Martinsville and Clarksburg, and a few other places.

John isn't a rail enthusiast at all. He collects political buttons but reads Hillbilly, of course, as every one should. He prefers Presidential candidates but will go lower when necessary. Says he will buy this type if the price is right. But he couldn't buy one from me if I had a dozen. He would get them for free, for

The History of the Greenbrier Branch

By William P. McNeel
Part 11

Another letter from Lewisburg.

In response to your article in the last Pocahontas Times, asking for material such as photos, stories, tales, etc., in regard to the history of the Greenbrier Branch of the C&O, I enclose material and photos concerning my father, the late V.S. Long, of Ronceverte, and a story Bob recalls.

Employee of the Greenbrier Branch of the C&O

The late Vernal S. Long, of Ronceverte, father of Glema Long Auldridge, of Lewisburg, was a well-known figure all along the Greenbrier Division of the C&O, not only in railroading circles but by the people living along the tracks and at the "whistle stops" in the early days of railroading on the Greenbrier from 1905 to the mid-1930's.

He was the first of the seven Long brothers of Caldwell to connect with the C&O Railroad. In March, 1902, he entered service at Lowmoor, Virginia, as a track laborer and in 1905 became Section Foreman at Bartow, where he met Miss Clemmie Tracy, who later

Bob Auldridge Recalls

When I was about eleven years old, I was standing on the platform of the railroad station at Buckeye waiting to watch the train come in.

As the train was pulling into the station, Maggie Higgenbotham, a young girl about eighteen years old, attempted

[Continued On Page 21]



Passenger train wreck between 1910. Engineer Charles Dean

ed service at Lowmoor, Virginia, as a track laborer and in 1905 became Section Foreman at Bartow, where he met Miss Clemmie Tracy, who later became his wife. On November 20, 1907, he left the Section and became a Fireman. In 1909 he left the Fireman job and became a Engine Watchman at Winterburn, a lumber town at the end of the Greenbrier Division, where the passenger train lay over each night, returning to Ronceverte the next morning. In 1917 he returned to the position of Fireman with headquarters in Ronceverte.

These were the days of hand-fired steam engines of the early 1900's. A round trip up the Greenbrier of approximately 200 miles meant shoveling one carload of coal (40 tons).

In the 1920's came the mighty 1600 steam locomotive, mechanically fired by stokers. This was easier. About all the fireman had to do was clean the firebox and do a little oiling.

In 1924 V.S. Long reached his goal when he became an Engineer for the C&O, and in the late 1930's he had the honor of "running" the C&O's new streamliner diesel engine #500, known as the George Washington train, on its trial run from Clifton Forge, Virginia, to Hinton.

V.S. Long was a true railroader at heart — never happier than when he was on his "run." For his half century of railroading he was rewarded with a 50 year diamond service pin.

Glema Auldridge

Passenger train wreck between Durbin and
1910. Engineer Charles Dean died in the wre



Come have your picture taken!

Scholastic Paperbacks

Booths 916-920

They'll Never Die

How many times have we said it? Steam engines die, as long as there are creative artists around. Here are two examples. One is for Scholastic Paperbacks, headlined "Picture Yourself on the Profit Express." Inset above is the logo for a new record shop.



Passenger train wreck between Durbin and Bartow, Feb. 8, 1910. Engineer Charles Dean died in the wreck.

A Tale of Two Dams

To build or not to build dams? That is a question that is causing controversy all over the country. Here in West Virginia the story of two dams is a case history in big government, out of control, thwarting the will of the people.

In Canaan Valley in the eastern part of West Virginia a power company wants to build a dam as part of a pumped reservoir system to provide power during peak periods. This would be financed by private funds and would displace virtually no one. The local people are almost unanimous in their support of the project as it would provide jobs and sorely needed taxes from the corporation and would increase tourism by providing recreational facilities. The project is being blocked, however, by various government agencies primarily because it would flood a supposedly unique ecological system.

In 1975 my wife and I went on a wild life tour in the area. We stood on a hill with the tour group overlooking the proposed site of the dam. We were told what an unusual ecosystem existed there that would be flooded by the dam. However, we didn't visit that area. There were other similar areas nearby that were more accessible.

The other dam is the proposed Stonewall Jackson

FIKE'S PIQUE By Elmer Fike

Dam on the West Fork River near Weston, West Virginia, in Lewis County. This location has long been selected as a dam site by the Corps of Engineers. In 1950 a one hundred year flood caused considerable damage in Weston. This and recurring smaller floods have given added impetus to the project. The Corps of Engineers has determined a cost benefit ratio of only 1.3 even using low interest rates (3¼%) and low valuation on coal reserves that would be lost. They also found high recreational benefits even though there are three other dams in a fifty mile radius.

The project would take 19,500 acres of land and provide a lake of only 3,400 acres. The balance supposedly would be for recreational purposes. Depending upon whose figures you believe, 1,050 to 1,800 people would be displaced, and these people are unhappy. They claim that the flood problem could be solved by smaller dams built on the tributaries without destroying all of the valuable farm land. Many of these farms have been in their families for generations, and the residents do not want to lose their heritage. My

wife and I visited the area and can understand why those residents want to keep their farms. It is a truly beautiful area.

So far the Corps of Engineers has blocked a study of alternative flood control by a system of smaller dams, and a legislative attempt to authorize such a study was held up in committee by the last legislature.

The estimated cost of the dam varies from \$122 million to \$225 million again depending upon whose estimate you believe. While this project is being pushed ahead, other far more popular projects are being held up for lack of money.

Both the Democrat incumbent congressman and senator who support the project failed to carry the normally Democrat area in the last election indicating lack of local support for the project. The local people continue to explore legal remedies although Senator Randolph has pushed two bills through Congress specifically to thwart their efforts.

It is hard to understand what has happened to responsible government. Where the people want a dam built without taxpayers funds the government will not allow them to have it. Where the people do not want a dam it will be forced on them at taxpayers' expense. What in the world goes on?

The Day John Henry Came Back Home to Stay

HILLDALE, W. Va. — The mighty John Henry is finally home.

Home to the "Big Bend Tunnel on the C&O Road" where . . . "he broke his poor heart and died" . . . a century ago while competing with a steam drill in drilling blasting holes during the tunnel's construction.

Now, before you ballad makers and story tellers go for your guitars and notebooks, know that the homecoming was in the form of a big bronze statue of the big steel driver. But John Henry could have come in the flesh, so far as excitement ran in the Hinton-Hilldale-Talcott area starting at dusk on Wednesday, Dec. 27.

That was when the statue arrived in nearby Hinton without fanfare . . . in the quiet of the night.

Local newspapers, radio and television stations had been advised during that night that John Henry had arrived and finally would be placed the next morning in the park that had been planned for him at the east portal of Big Bend Tunnel, on State Highway No. 3. (See Chessie News, Sept., 1971, and April, 1972.)

At the Chessie System offices in Hinton, Assistant Superintendent Cliff Booker worked late into the night making final arrangements to load John Henry on a flat car for a ride through Big Bend Tunnel, then was on hand at a motel early the next morning to meet sculptor Charles O. Cooper who had brought the statue down from his studio at Williamston, Mich., in an automobile trailer.

"Worth Waiting For"

Mr. Booker, in his automobile, guided the artist and his valuable cargo to the railroad facility where workmen waited to load the 800-pound, eight-foot statue on a flat car.

It was at this time that William E. Halstead, executive director of the John Henry Memorial Park, sponsored by the Hilldale-Talcott Ruritan Club, had his first look at the statue.

Now that the singing has been done and the statue is up, there will be no unveiling but a dedication of the park is planned for next Spring.

It was in 1968 that talk about John Henry came up so often at the Ruritan Club meetings that it was decided to do something to honor the hometown hero in 1972, the centennial year of his death.

A committee was formed to finance the project through private donations. In addition to Mr. Halstead, as executive director, Ross Evans, a retired C&O passenger train porter, was named treasurer, and James Monroe, a former C&O station agent, was made secretary.

Mr. Monroe was on hand with Mr. Halstead to welcome John Henry at the Hinton siding, but Mr. Evans missed the event for he was spending the holidays with his children in New York.

It may be said that no greater care was ever given to loading a freight car. When the crane lifted the statue from its highway trailer, it was with the gentleness of hoisting a truck-load of eggs.

When the John Henry Special was ready to roll, Conductor M. L. Boland gave the signal, then Engineer R. Meadows eased her toward the tunnel.

Along the route, curious people waved to the train as it moved along at funeral-procession speed. John Henry's bronze brow bobbed a bit as he stood erect and proud on the flat car clicking slowly down the rails. He was wrapped in a light blanket to guard against the chill of the Greenbrier Valley.

At MA Cabin, eight miles east of Hinton, the special crossed over to the west-bound mainline then drew up to the west portal of the old tunnel to wait for the signal, by radio, from the other side where John Henry had worked and where newspaper and television crews and reporters waited.

Seeing the tunnel close up and at ground level was like a gnat looking through a gun barrel. Only a small dis-

igan with me."

The automobile hadn't yet been invented in John Henry's day, but his statue was a traffic stopper on this day in 1972.

Men, women, children and pets, from Beckley, from Bluefield, from Charleston and other points near and far gathered to watch the proceedings. They followed the caravan from Talcott up to the park atop the tunnel to see John Henry be placed on a pedestal built by Mr. Halstead out of native stone, (stone perhaps broken up by John Henry himself).

State police, railroad police and local police tried to keep cars moving, for space is limited in the area on the slope of Big Bend Mountain, which has been leased free to the park by the Chessie System.

When the statue was placed on the pedestal, Mr. Cooper then burnished it with steel wool and high-grade wax. But there was no guitar music to keep time to his firm, polishing strokes.

"The ancient Greek and Roman artists used horse urine to set and preserve the patina," he said, "but this automobile wax works just as well."

As the winter sun now played highlights on the bronze statue, a motorist from New Jersey stopped to ask, "What's that?"

"That's John Henry," a youngster told him.

"Who in hell is John Henry?" the man asked as he stepped on the starter.

"Why, man," the boy said, "He was the one who whupped the steam drill."

John Henry was home.



FIRST DAY VISITORS to see the statue included Earl Standard, a bellman at The Greenbrier for 12 years, who brought along his daughters, Ann [left arm] and Mia Dianne. Mr. Standard predicted, "This park is going to be a fine tourist attraction."



*Son and Daughter
of the Year 1979*



Booker worked late into the night making final arrangements to load John Henry on a flat car for a ride through Big Bend Tunnel, then was on hand at a motel early the next morning to meet sculptor Charles O. Cooper who had brought the statue down from his studio at Williamston, Mich., in an automobile trailer.

"Worth Waiting For"

Mr. Booker, in his automobile, guided the statue and his valuable cargo to the railroad facility where workmen waited to load the 800-pound, eight-foot statue on a flat car.

It was at this time that William E. Halstead, executive director of the John Henry Memorial Park, sponsored by the Hillside-Talcott Ruritan Club, had his first look at the statue.

"He was worth waiting for," Mr. Halstead said as he viewed the bronze statue. "We've waited a long time for him to arrive and now here he is. Man, am I ever relieved he got here. It's only four days away from 1973."

Bill Halstead's comments were more than appreciated by those acquainted with the story of the John Henry statue, dating back to 1968, and with the delay in its delivery. At Eastertime, last year, the statue was expected to be delivered in June. Then there were postponements, several of them.

The Ruritan Club had wanted to plan a big celebration — unveiling, banquet, music, the works — but couldn't get a confirmed date for delivery. Then, in late October, they were assured it would be ready in November.

Dedication Delayed

A Thanksgiving unveiling was planned, with a banquet at Pipestem State Park to follow. All arrangements were "GO." Then, at the last moment, it was announced that John Henry would not be arriving on time. Trouble in the foundry where the statue was being cast was the reason given.

The banquet was held, however — it was too late to call it off. More than 100 invited guests attended to talk about John Henry and to sing John Henry songs.

Along the route, curious people waited to the train as it moved along at funeral-procession speed. John Henry's bronze brow bobbed a bit as he stood erect and proud on the flat car clicking slowly down the rails. He was wrapped in a light blanket to guard against the chill of the Greenbrier Valley.

At MA Cabin, eight miles east of Hinton, the special crossed over to the west-bound mainline then drew up to the west portal of the old tunnel to wait for the signal, by radio, from the other side where John Henry had worked and where newspaper and television crews and reporters waited.

Seeing the tunnel close up and at ground level was like a gnat looking through a gun barrel. Only a small disc of light showed, coming through this mile-long hole through the mountain.

Headlight of the locomotive illuminated the brick walls of the old tunnel as the train moved through; rear lights played on the figure of John Henry, now resembling a motion picture version of a Trojan warrior going to battle.

Out in the cold sunlight at Big Bend's east portal waited the welcoming committee of news photographers, rail fans and others who were given several minutes' "shooting" time before the train moved on to Talcott, a mile distant, so that John Henry could be off-loaded and into his trailer for the ride up the mountain.

At Talcott the whole village turned out to see the statue. And here, from the comments overheard, John Henry actually took on a human aura.

"Look at that big rascal," one man said, as the train halted.

"I want to touch his hand," a child said to her mother.

"He's beautiful," said a teen-ager.

"He's just as I imagined he would be," a woman remarked as the crane lifted him from the flat car.

Sculptor Cooper was so impressed by the remarks that he jokingly said, "I think I'll have to take him back to Mich-

As the winter sun now played highlights on the bronze statue, a motorist from New Jersey stopped to ask, "What's that?"

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"Who in hell is John Henry?" the man asked as he stepped on the starter.

"Why, man," the boy said, "He was the one who whupped the steam drill."

John Henry was home.



Son and Daughter of the Year 1979

By the West Virginia Society of Washington



James H. Harless has combined an enormously successful career as a businessman with an outstanding record as a philanthropist, helping to further the educational goals of many West Virginians. Born in Logan County, Buck has lived in Gilbert, West Virginia all his life.

Working in sawmills and the coal mines as a youth, Buck Harless was given a one-third interest in a small sawmill which developed into a range of business enterprises. After selling his lumber company in 1966, he entered both the import business and the coal business owns enterprises in West Virginia, Alabama, Brazil, Ecuador and Guatemala.

Buck has shown a great interest in furthering higher education in his native state. He founded the Jamey Harless Foundation, which grants scholarships to graduating seniors of local high schools. His philanthropy has extended to sizeable contributions to West Virginia University and Marshall University.

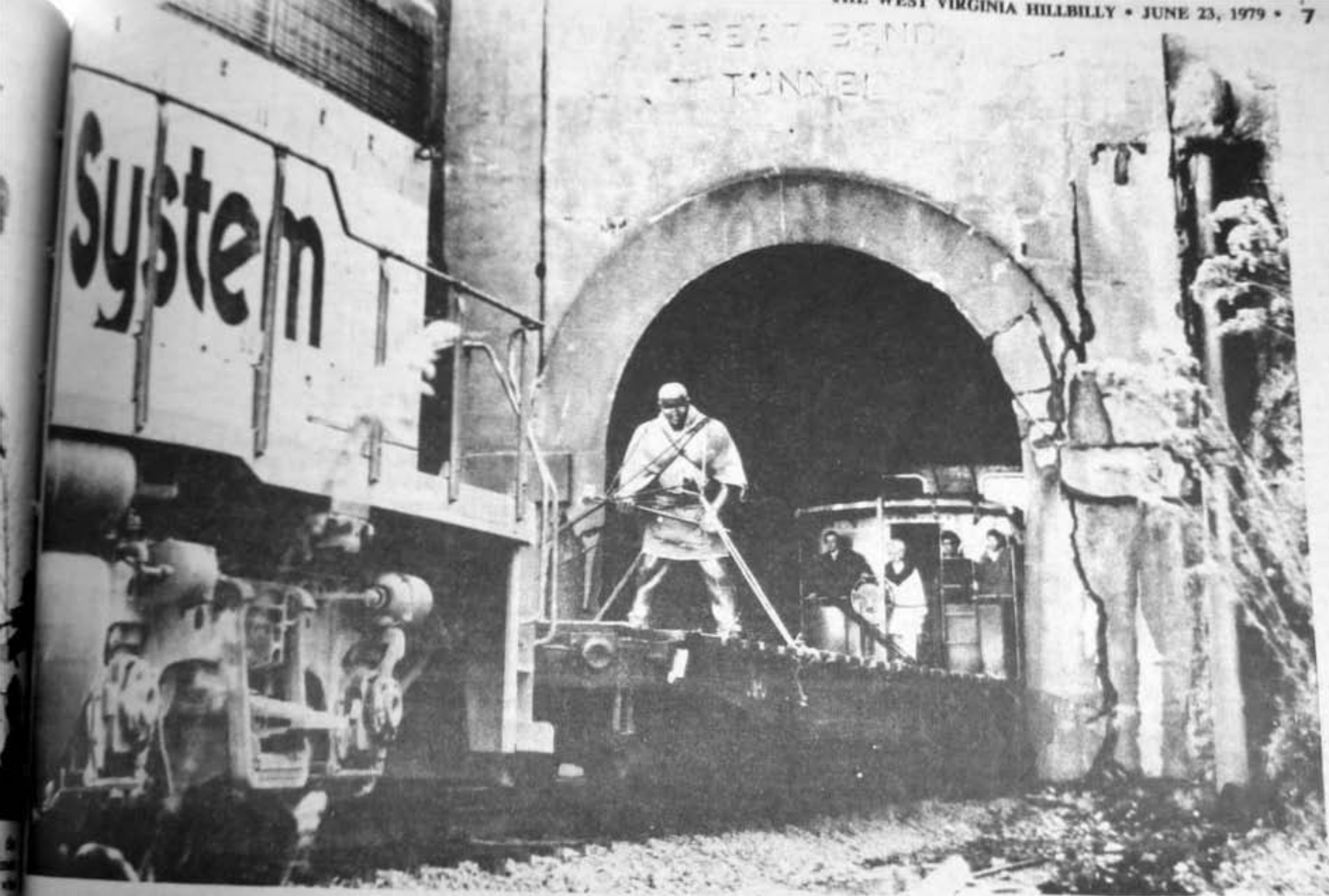
[Continued On Page 8]

FIRST DAY VISITORS to see the statue included Earl Standard, a leader at The Greenbrier for 12 years, who brought along his daughters, Ann (left arm) and Mia Dianne. Mr. Standard predicted, "This park is going to be a fine tourist attraction."

Dr. Mildred M. Bateman served four governors as Director of the Virginia Department of Mental Health. Her outstanding career has been dedicated to the field of mental health with particular attention to children. She combines a wealth of knowledge with a charming personality.

Born in Cordele, Georgia, Dr. Bateman graduated cum laude from the C. Smith Medical College and received her medical degree from the Medical College of Pennsylvania. She conducted her residency at the renowned Menninger School of Psychiatry in Topeka, Kansas. After years at Lakin State Hospital as director and superintendent of the hospital, she served as a consultant to the Department of Mental Health.

In 1962, Dr. Bateman was named Director of the Department of Mental Health by the Governor and held that capacity under four governors until 1977. During her tenure, she developed a network of community mental health centers.



Ted O'Meara read that
had found new material on
New York Times report
the Henry Broadway play, see
we knew that we just must
"find," Ted's report
of the statue of John

have business in West Virginia, and
he routed his trip ("by Volkswagen to
save gas") by way of our diggings
and left us the story he did in 1972 on
John Henry. This account was
illustrated by pictures made by Ted
himself, and all of it, pictures and
stories, appear in this John Henry
Special.

the mountainside. On caboose to pose
for picture are (left to right)
Trainmaster C. D. Keller; Mrs.
Charles Cooper, wife of the sculptor;
C. J. Harvey, car foreman, and H. E.
Keller, brakeman. Photo by George
Steele.

This is Ted's caption for the picture
below:

T. Fitzsimmons, electrician; D. E.
Tincher, supervisor of bridges; J. R.
Stennett, section foreman; P. E.
Ratliff, freight car welder; P. F. York,
tool car foreman; J. F. Carper, crane
operator; L. R. Anderson, carpenter
(below John Henry's hand); J. W.
Cooper, car repairer; E. R. Richmond,
car repairer; R. J. Shrader, tinner; A.
L. Edds, carpenter; R. B. Wallace,
supervisor track; W. R. Rayburn,

have business in West Virginia, and he routed his trip ("by Volkswagen to save gas") by way of our diggings and left us the story he did in 1972 on John Henry. This account was illustrated by pictures made by Ted himself, and all of it, pictures and stories, appear in this John Henry Special.

This is the caption Ted wrote for the picture above:

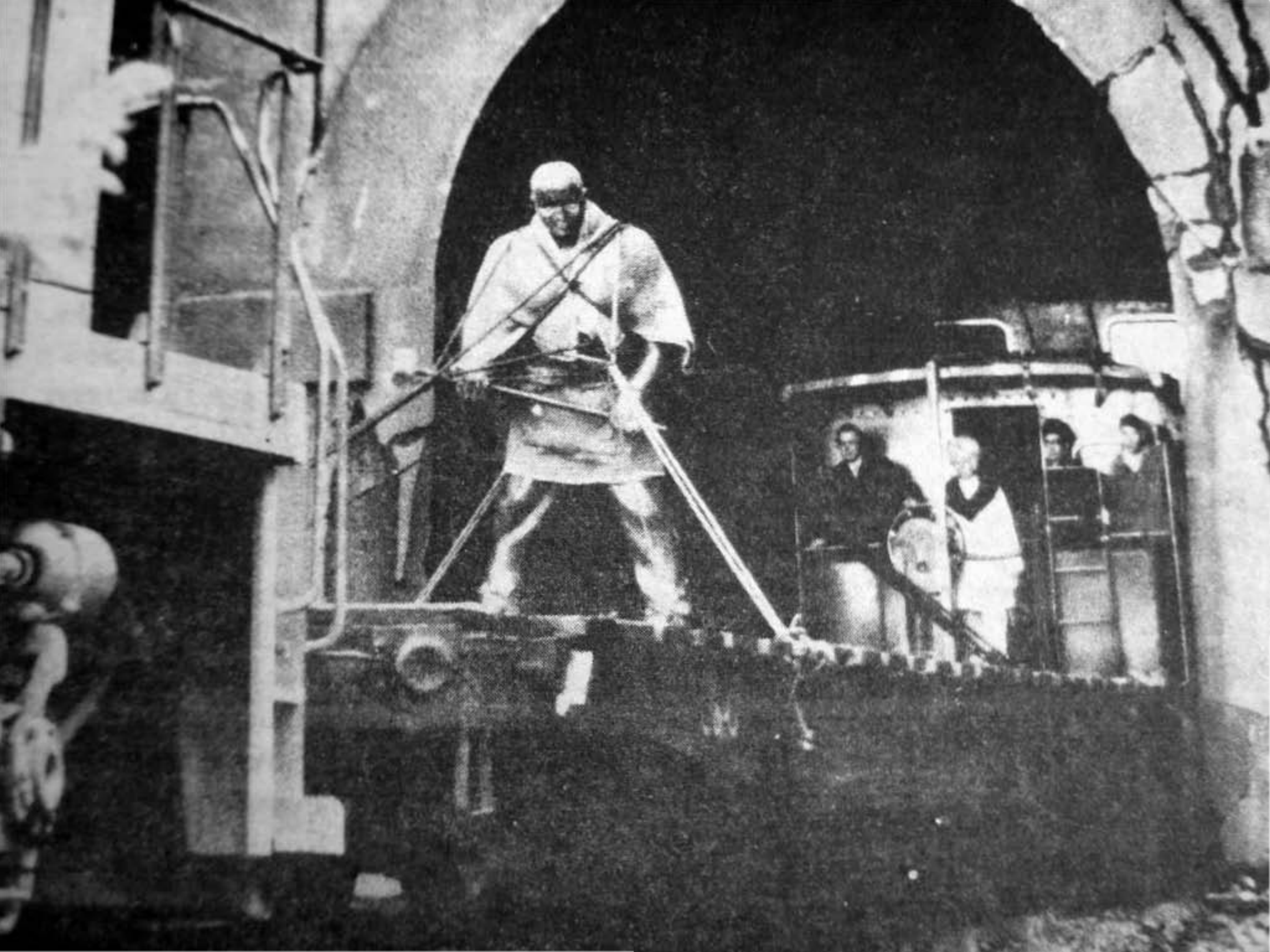
WHERE JOHN HENRY labored, according to legend, was inside the Big Bend Tunnel (or "Great Bend" as it was first called), completed in the early 1870's. This is the scene as the statue rode from Hinton to a site on

the mountainside. On caboose to pose for picture are (left to right) Trainmaster C. D. Keller; Mrs. Charles Cooper, wife of the sculptor; C. J. Harvey, car foreman, and H. E. Keller, brakeman. Photo by George Steele.

This is Ted's caption for the picture below:

HINTON YARD WELCOME COMMITTEE — The statue is tied down and ready to roll but Chessie employees who had a hand in preparations pause a minute to have their picture taken before John Henry departed. On ground, left to right, are W. S. Wicker, retired yardmaster; J.

T. Flitzsimmons, electrician; D. E. Tincher, supervisor of bridges; J. R. Stennett, section foreman; P. E. Ratliff, freight car welder; P. F. York, tool car foreman; J. F. Carper, crane operator; L. R. Anderson, carpenter (below John Henry's hand); J. W. Cooper, car repairer; E. R. Richmond, car repairer; R. J. Shrader, tinner; A. L. Edds, carpenter; R. B. Wallace, supervisor track; W. R. Rayburn, assistant division engineer; C. D. Keller, terminal trainmaster, and C. H. Booker, assistant superintendent of operations. Standing on car are C. J. Harvey, car foreman; C. O. Chattin, car inspector, and Talmadge Reed, car repairer.



OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO IS CALLED JOHN HENRY

By ROARK BRADFORD

JOHN HENRY, the legend here of the Southern States, is something between a pagan god and your next door neighbor. He has the strength of a god and the weakness of a wayward son. He is brought into being by song or story, everywhere the Negroes gather for work or play. The method of his coming, and the manner of his functions, depend upon the artistry of the minstrel or tale-teller who brings him.

Far up the rivers and bayous, in construction camps, on the big cotton plantations, or on the main decks of the Mississippi River steamboats, John Henry will appear when the work gets tight, or the rest period grows dull, and provide inspiration or amusement for his people. Generally, his people are not handicapped by the advantages of formal education. Their hero's purpose is to inspire or to amuse.

The people who sing and talk of him wouldn't know a motivating incident from an augmented ninth in E-flat minor, but they can tell a pretty good tale, and they can sing a pretty good song about John Henry.

The secret in bringing John Henry before a public that is accustomed to a fixed form in theatrical and musical entertainment has been one of compromise and craftsmanship.

"If," said Jacques Wolfe, who is doing the music of "John Henry," "I can get the treble melody in four-four time, with the bass in five-eight time, with a slight gradation from the altos, we'll have that Crawfish song sounding right."

"If," said Don Voorhees, from the orchestra pit, "you try anything like that, my musicians will go crazy."

"If," said Joshua White, the Blind Lemon of the play, "y'all orchestra boys drop out and don't mess me up wid all dem keys and tempos and things, I'll pick that

son, who is known all over the world as a great singer of folk songs. I'll sing it like it ought to be sung."

And so, a high-powered orchestra conductor and twenty-two trained musicians remain tacit. Joshua White, who bills himself as "The Singing Christian," pats his foot and picks his guitar; Paul Robeson, all-American athlete, Phi Beta Kappa scholar, world-famous concert, stage and screen star, backed up by a chorus of fifty highly trained voices, slips back up the bayou, into the cypress brakes and palmetto swamps and sings a song. The words that are sung are a simple joke. The Negroes of Louisiana who grew up under the English-American influence are forever amused by the habits and language of the Negroes who came under the French influence. The joke is that the French Negroes eat crawfish. The words are:

Poor little Frenchie,
Nine days old,
Stuck his finger
In a crawfish hole;
Crawfish backed back,
Winked one eye,
Frenchie told crawfish
"It's yo' day to die."

But the song rumbles and rolls, the workers, under the leadership of John Henry, build the Yaller Dog Railroad, so old One-Eyed Bill Shelly can drive the Cannon Ball through at sundown. The result is pleasing to all. For me John Henry becomes a living thing, for Mr. Wolfe there is pure music uninhibited by arbitrary form. For Mr. Robeson it is folk-music in its proper setting, for Mr. Voorhees it is a couple of minutes' leisure in which he can concentrate upon his entre-act selection, and for Charles Friedman, the director, it is an Act One curtain.

Just as it is difficult to fit the John Henry music into preconceived form, it is also difficult to classify John Henry as a character in literature. If you recall your

men, but a woman who represents the secret envy of the women, and the intriguing challenge to the man. Old Man Bille Bob Russell, the white bossman, ever looking out for himself, but always providing the dollar-and-a-dime a day, so the man could give his wife the dollar to keep food in the kitchen and keep the dime for his own roistering pleasures.

Old Aunt Dinah, too, has a defi-

nite function. Because of her age, she is quite familiar with John Henry. She even instructs him in the ways of the world, as all old people like to do. She is, as it were, the mediator between the natural and the supernatural. It is she who warns John Henry of his doom, and it is she, also, who warns Julie Ann not to try to make a reality of the wonderful man she has in her mind, knowing all the time that

her warning
And Ruby,
Man Named
John Henry
big steady-working
will provide constant
start security. There's
Booster, strong in his faith,
the same time humbly aware
this pagan John Henry was
all of Hell Buster's belief,
finally, of course, there is
Lemon, the wandering minstrel
who is John Henry's best friend
because he pulled John Henry
of the strings of the guitar.

New York Times with Story and Picture

For a time in America, John Henry was such a mythical fellow that nobody knew where to place him, and up until the 1930's it was incorrectly assumed that he belonged to the Deep South and that his claim to fame, fighting automation to his death, was as a stevedore loading cotton bales. But in the 1930's came Guy Johnson of North Carolina and Louis Chappel of West Virginia University and John Henry was given a change of venue to Big Bend Tunnel near the railroading town of Hinton. The foremost writer during the Deep South days of John Henry was the late Roark Bradford, whose Broadway play was staged in 1940 with Paul Robeson playing the part of John Henry. Although the concept was not West Virginia's, being Bradford's instead

of Johnson's and Chappel's, the play was a land mark in the John Henry saga because it was the first national notice given to the man and made of him a popular American folk hero. Hillbilly learned about the Broadway play from a New York Times clipping pasted in the back of a published script of the play. He searched for at the request of Billy Wheeler who is doing a play on John Henry and turned over to him when found. The New York Times clipping appears herewith. At the time the New York Times carried a rotogravuer picture section, and following the author's story on the play, a page of pictures was used. That too is reproduced on page 9 to add to the John Henry collection.

Son and Daughter

[Continued From Page 6]

Buck Harless

Many of these contributions have helped

doctorates from Marshall University, Stillman College in Tusculum, Tennessee. His wife June, and Buck have children.

Mildred Bateman

centers throughout the state, as well as the treatment that has advanced the treatment of West Virginia beyond "custodial care" practices of the past. Dr. Bateman has been